

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

FEBRUARY 14, 1938

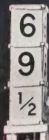
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PUBLISHED BY H. R. S. Phillips Jr.

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: William W. Holmes

Cover: Phil Rizzuto

Villanova's own answer to the streak is one of the best high jumpers in the nation. Get a look at the high jumps of Rizzuto and the prospects for the AAU indoor meet, see page 14.

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

Next week



► These are Braves and Tim-lins loosening up in the Florida sunshine. Spring training is starting, and baseball's big question is: will Milwaukee be able to stay on top of the league? Ray Torrell answers it.

► Thoroughbred racing's new 3-year-olds are pointing for the Kentucky Derby. Whitney Tower and James Murray ride up the horses and introduce the ever hopeful owners.

► Daytona's Speed Weeks reach their climax as Detroit passenger cars compete on the famous beach. An on-the-spot report from Kenneth Ruden.

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MEMO from the publisher

THE dynasty with the longest reign in professional baseball carries the name Creamer. In this issue Robert Creamer writes about the problems of its young Vice-President Charles and his White Sox, whose fortunes have always been Comiskey-guided—in a league where some franchises have lately been changing hands faster than a counterfeit coin.

Creamer's story leads off a concentrated volley of features and spring-training reports aimed at baseball's Opening Day and all that follows after. Items:

► Next week SPECTACLE takes a four-color tour of the ramps from St. Pete to Phoenix, while Roy Terrell appraises at long-range focus the world champion Braves and what the future holds for them.

► A later issue brings news of Cincinnati's Redlegs, now at a crossroads of power and pitching from which General Manager Gabe Paul and Manager Birdie Tebbets plan to lead them, preferably in both directions at once.

► Whatever the Cleveland Indians are this year, they'll be different, thanks to Bobby Bragan and Frank Lane. From their training camp SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will report the first visible effects on the diamond of the new regime.

► Baseball is unique in team sports because it presents widely varying and highly specialized skills in almost simultaneous action. With the March 17 issue, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED begins a baseball series which is unique

because experts explain the secrets and strategy, the thinking and the doing behind these separate skills. Profusely documented with illustrations by Tony Ravielli, Robert Riger and Ed Yebell, it is for players and spectators, big-league and Little League alike. Sal Maglie opens up with pitching—followed later on by Roy Sievers on batting; Del Crandall on catching; Gil McDougald on infielding; and Richie Ashburn on outfielding and base running.

► In the March 24 issue comes advice on the biggest change in baseball since they turned on the lights—the move to the West Coast. Our roundup on this will include stories from the Giant and Dodger camps by Creamer and Walter Bingham, illustrations of the two ball parks which will be making their major league debuts, and the latest word on how the citizens of Los Angeles and San Francisco are standing up under the whole thing.

► The Detroit Tigers, always interesting but something of a disappointment last year, will also be in for examination by Les Woodcock as they take shape in training with their many newly acquired players, including the electric Billy Martin.

► In the April 7 issue our staff will present selections of the top rookie prospects of 1958.

► That about brings us to Opening Day (itself and our third annual Special Baseball Issue. And that, as they say, is only the beginning.

Harry Rindoff

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HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Does a man have to be a teetotaler to be a good athlete?*



ROGER BANNISTER
London
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miler

Alcohol is only harmful in excess. Taken occasionally in moderation it can help break the monotony of strict training. I cannot remember an athlete who was a total abstainer. In Oxford drinking beer was regarded as the most pleasant way of replenishing moisture lost through exertion.



BOBBY LAYNE
Quarterback
Detroit Lions

That's putting me on the spot with all the unfair publicity I've got about sky-larking, but I do know a lot of players who relax with a drink or two and it doesn't hurt. You've got to have a few beers to loosen up after a hard game. Too much drinking doesn't do any good.

continued

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HOTBOX continued



JIM KELLY
Mississippi
U.S. Olympic football coach

Use of intoxicating liquor can't help but be detrimental, if for no other reason than that it breaks training habits. While some older athletes may use liquor during the off season, they would still be better off without it.



DR. SIEGFRIED S. MEYERS
New York City
Albert Einstein College of Medicine

Yes, in school but not afterwards. I was the 100-yard swimming champion at New York University. I still race three times a week, but before each race I take a slug of cognac, which is deleterious at my age, 58, to dilate the arteries for strenuous play.



JOSEPH T. CASCARELLA
Executive vice-president and secretary
Leard Race Course

No. I played football in college and big league baseball. I can name some of the greatest athletes who drank during their careers. Whether or not they would have been greater athletes as teetotalers is something no one can answer.



GEORGE F. CHAPLINE
Vice-president
Fairchild Engine and Airplane Corp.

Black, no. I was on the track team at the Naval Academy. Coaches laid down the law against drinking. I agree it is a temptation to be a teetotaler during the training season. But on occasions, when hunting, etc., liquor has its merits.



DR. MAXWELL LAPHAM
Yale University
Dean of Medical School

No, although I do not mean to pass judgment on the use of liquor. Many athletes do drink. I have always counseled moderation in everything, but I also believe that college athletes should do what their coaches tell them.

*tried them all
...wound up
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THE 190-N-1 JOE GANDY AT SARATOGA

Jim Dandy

The horse had never lived up
to his name until one
wet afternoon in Saratoga

IN 1900 the country reeled from
economic upheavals, but the world
of sport still had a golden glow. Peo-
ple for a moment forgot financial
catastrophes as Bobby Jones swept
toward golf's only grand slam, Max
Schmeling took the vacant heavy-
weight throne by fighting Jack Shar-
key and Gallant Fox became the sec-
ond horse ever to gain U.S. racing's
Triple Crown (Kentucky Derby, the
Preakness and Belmont Stakes).

In that year Gallant Fox became
almost a national symbol of success
and dependability. After his tri-crown
triumphs, the strapping chestnut
beat the field in the Dwyer Stakes
and traveled to Chicago to win the
Arlington Classic. By August he and
his regular rider, Earl Sande, estab-
lished as an unbeatable combination,
were in Saratoga for the mile-and-
a-quarter 1935 Travers Stakes, the
oldest race for 3-year-olds in the U.S.

Betting was illegal in New York
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money and the soap-froid to approach
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JIM DANDY restaurant

Saratoga stands to wager on Gallant Fox at 1-to-2 odds or Whitchone, the second favorite, at 5-to-2 odds. Confident that this would be a two-horse race, bettors hardly considered the other entries—Sun Falcon at 20 to 1 and Jim Dandy at 100 to 1, since both horses were obviously running for second and third money.

By the time the huge hew summoning the four horses to the gate, a sudden pelting rain had turned the track into a strip of sticky mud. Whitchone, with Senny Workman up, skoshed first from the gate and led Gallant Fox for the first half mile. Then Sando let out a notch on his horse and moved up beside Workman on Whitchone. Both colts were under a gull and stayed together down the back stretch and around the long turn for home.

THE crowd had all but forgotten the other two entries, who were plugging earnestly along in the rear, when suddenly Whitchone bogged down in the sludge and started to fade at an alarming rate. Gallant Fox, following suit, began to stagger and slip. The unbelieving crowd wailed as they watched the two favorites in real trouble. Then they noticed a mud-splattered figure churning pitilessly behind them and gaining rapidly. In an incredible moment the grimy figure breezed past both horses in the home stretch and finished some eight lengths ahead of Gallant Fox. It was, of course, the 100-to-1 shot Jim Dandy, who had won only once before, the 1923 Grand Union. After Gallant Fox came Whitchone and Sun Falcon. For those who bet on him, Jim Dandy was all his name implied.

It surprised no one that Jim Dandy never did as well again, but for those who believe in ghosts, the story has a sequel. Just 35 years later another horse named Jim Dandy won at Saratoga under circumstances remarkably similar to those of 1890. For the 1935 Jim Dandy it was his first win in 20 starts; he was anything but a favorite and again the track was wet.

There was a sequel to the Gallant Fox story too. Unseated by the upset, he came back to take three more big races that season and became the first horse to win more than \$300,000 in one year. A considerable feat in any year, it was the more so in 1935 when there were not many brothers around who could spare a dime.

—ROGER TRENT



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SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

RECORD BREAKERS—**WOMEN** swimmers, clearing up white water as well as both ends of globe, left trail of broken records in their wake. Dawn Fraser, in warmup for nationals, smashed 220-yard (and 200-meter) freestyle in 2:17.7 at Adelaide, in better world marks (Feb. 10). Julia Muskat, 19-year-old swimmer, had hands in reaching three world standards, whipping 110-yard (and 100-meter) backstroke in 1:31.5 and swimming up with New South Wales Touchswimmers Terry Gathercole, Brian Wilkins and John Gerrard to clock 4:13.4 for 400-yard medley relay in Australian championships at Melbourne (Feb. 10); transplanted Murray Rose, now USC freshman, dipped into Yale's 55-yard pool at New Haven, lashed 400 meters in 4:29.419 yards in 4:21.5, fastest ever for distance, but had to be satisfied with U.S. records because world marks must be set in 55-yard pool (Feb. 11). Yale's Joe Rensky took one from Rose, set U.S. record of 2:23.3 for 220-yard freestyle (Feb. 12).

WOMEN SWIMMERS, well-oiled Huskies halfbacks, returned over 70-yard yard handles in 7.7, sliced 1/4 of second off American indoor record at Champaign, Ill. (Feb. 10).

DOG SHOW—**CR.** EXTENSIVE PRISING, Mr. and Mrs. George Patterson's wryish 3-year-old standard poodle, looked serious when chips were down, turned for all world his bundle of white fluff as he showed off his low-set ears, docked tail, darkly outlined eyes, muscular hind legs, deep barbed chest and well-arched nose to win best-in-show at Westminster Kennel Club event in New York (see page 21). Said Scottish-born handler Bob Gorman, "He's a big clown. He wants to play all the time. He didn't start showing until the end, when the others were getting close."

FIGURE SKATING—**WOMEN**, pretty Grace Park, N.Y. min. pirouetting and gliding gracefully through spectacular freestyle routine, had even critical judges staring with open-eyed amazement as she won third world title at Paris. Crewing David Jackson of Colorado Springs, trailing Canadian Tina Brown after compulsory figures, put on dazzling display in free-skating to retain her own's crown.

TRACK & FIELD—**BOB DELANY**, who usually follows everywhere but at finish, found himself in awkward, unpracticed role of pursuer for indoor season's second mile when leadship opponents hung back in tight little group, then turned as females had foot in last 100 yards to beat Hungarian Istvan Remenyik by four yards in slow, "artificial" 4:16. Delany hit at NYAC Games in New York and ran winning stroke to 28. Confident Perry H. Brick, fresh from Germany where he smashed world indoor short record, again bettered Edmed Mack with knock of 81 feet 5 inches. Among other winners: Manhattan's Tom Murphy, who outworked Dave Swarthick in break 1:32.6 in 800; Duke's Dave Stone, who redeemed dismal Milrose showing with 6.2 victory over Ken Kove in 80-yard dash.

WOMEN SLAYER, Australia's flying iron-age, whipped around headily around and rolled from track in West Australian championships before startled hometown crowd at Perth, was just fast enough to get under four-minute barrier for third straight time, edging chief rival and shadow Mary Lindeby by foot in 3:59.5, fastest ever on turf (see page 15). After race, Coach Percy Crutty announced that BRITT had been invited to run in U.S. championships at Bakersfield, Calif. June 23, 21, added caustically: "We are seriously considering sweeping."

HORSE RACING—**CLAMMY**'s belting 3-year-olds were at it again at Hialeah, showing their brisky hunk to pack in 116-mile, \$10,356 Everglades Stakes, first major test for Flamingo. Lane-running The Tan, choice of Jockey Willie Harack, joined off with usually front-running Kentucky Pride, ran out on his stakehouse in stretch to finish fast of 1 1/4 lengths.

NADA, top 2-year-old of 1977, also headed into 3-year-old pasture at Hialeah, making first start of year's winning season. Rhyme of familiar blinkers and shadow roll, Nade started late, bucked early under urging of Harack in seven-barling sprint, held firm as top Derby chaser.

ROCKY VARAK, piling up riches faster than most horses can run, dived along while others took run at lead, turned it on in stretch to win \$52,490 San Antonio Handicap in world-record-making 1:40 1/2 for 1 1/4 mile, scored \$10,390 into Oleana Travis Kove's bagging pocket, sliced lifetime earnings to \$103,254 to move into sixth place ahead of Native Dancer among racing's all-time money winners.

BOXING—**JOEY DIAMONDELL**, fellow tough-guy middleweight, who is fighting way back after extraordinary work-out on gas station attendant, scored his first incarceration in Pennsylvania pen, outpointed Greengay's Frank Thomas, in early rounds, lashed a little in middle rounds, but perked up pure in 10th in win decision at Philadelphia.

JOE (James D. Norris, president) overruled itself a bit (\$14,800 worth—\$10,800 to rub fighter, gladdened New York (and World Boxing Committee) Commissioner Julius Helland's heart by signing Isaac Legart and Virgil Adams for 12-round semifinal welterweight elimination bout, March 23 at New York's Madison Square Garden, winner to meet Vince Martinez for vacant title.

RETIRO (Rafaela) MORENO, scheduled to try to lift Hugo (8-0) Ramey's featherweight title in Los Angeles April 1, but one little kid who did too much teasing, was suspended by Mexican Boxing Commission for taking part in events between brawl. Suspended tonight, Los Angeles Promoter George Fuenmayor carrying to Mexico City to "try to straighten this thing out."

focus on the deed . . .



WINNING MILER Ron Delany, outpacing teammate in slow starter mile, leads Hungary's Istvan Barnaiyevy across the finish line.



WINNING SKATER Carol Heiss, so skillful as she is pretty, sets a bathing figure on the way to her third world championship in Paris.



WINNING 3-YEAR-OLD The Tan (right) and runner-up Kentucky Pride give Calumet one-two punch in \$11,356 Everglades Stakes.

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NOTES RECEIVED 1. 27.1988. 2. 2. 1989.

Monday, February 24

Teaching college courses:
 Auburn vs. Tennessee, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
 Auburn vs. Kentucky, Birmingham, Ala.
 Bradley vs. Yale, Peoria, Ill.
 Iowa State vs. Kansas, Topeka, Kan.
 Minnesota State vs. Virginia State College, Minn.
 Oklahoma State vs. North Texas State, Fort
 Worth, Okla.

* Nancy Green vs. James Archer, withweights: 10 min., 54. Nick's, New York, 10 p.m. (The Show.)

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BASEBALL.
See also: Coaching and Training
 Kansas State vs. Oklahoma, Manhattan, Kans.
 St. Mary's vs. San Francisco, St. Mary's, Calif.
 Virginia vs. Duke, Charlottesville, Va.
Professional
 New York vs. Philadelphia, St. Louis vs. Detroit, in New York.

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BRUNETARIA
Leaching - red-brown gummy
 Connecticut: vs. St. Louis, Cincinnati
 Maryland: vs. Georgetown, College Park, Md.
 Virginia: vs. Lancaster, Philadelphia
 Pennsylvania
 District: vs. Boston, Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, a
 Texas
 Delaware: vs. Mississippi, New York vs. Phila-
 delphia, vs. Wisconsin

* *Journal of Clinical Gerontology*, 1996, 11(2), 107-119. © 1996 by Sage Publications, Inc. 1043-9862/96/1107-119\$04.00

Therapy in New York

The case, *Heard v. Gossard, O'Brien, & Hall*,

Tuesday, February 27

Phidolophora sp. nov. Dredge 95. Manuscript no. 173 sub-*opila*.
coll.

Through March 22, 2003.

TECHNIQUE

POSTING

END OF THE LINE

doi:10.1017/S0022292412001611

CHART, FIG. 18. Edinburgh Marine Club.

Saturday, March 2

5c. Petersburg, Fla.

■ *Fluorocryl*, Fluorocryl, \$200,000, 3-yr.-contract, 1%, no
 ■ *Fluorocryl*, Fluorocryl, \$200,000, 3-yr.-contract, 1%, no

1988, Pacific Northwest).

[illegible]

Received 12 November 2010; accepted 22 March 2011

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11. A. *Escherichia coli* O157:H7, 3024, 3025, 3026, 3027, 3028, 3029, 3030, 3031, 3032, 3033, 3034, 3035, 3036, 3037, 3038, 3039, 3040, 3041, 3042, 3043, 3044, 3045, 3046, 3047, 3048, 3049, 3050, 3051, 3052, 3053, 3054, 3055, 3056, 3057, 3058, 3059, 3060, 3061, 3062, 3063, 3064, 3065, 3066, 3067, 3068, 3069, 3070, 3071, 3072, 3073, 3074, 3075, 3076, 3077, 3078, 3079, 3080, 3081, 3082, 3083, 3084, 3085, 3086, 3087, 3088, 3089, 3090, 3091, 3092, 3093, 3094, 3095, 3096, 3097, 3098, 3099, 3100, 3101, 3102, 3103, 3104, 3105, 3106, 3107, 3108, 3109, 3110, 3111, 3112, 3113, 3114, 3115, 3116, 3117, 3118, 3119, 3120, 3121, 3122, 3123, 3124, 3125, 3126, 3127, 3128, 3129, 3130, 3131, 3132, 3133, 3134, 3135, 3136, 3137, 3138, 3139, 3140, 3141, 3142, 3143, 3144, 3145, 3146, 3147, 3148, 3149, 3150, 3151, 3152, 3153, 3154, 3155, 3156, 3157, 3158, 3159, 3160, 3161, 3162, 3163, 3164, 3165, 3166, 3167, 3168, 3169, 3170, 3171, 3172, 3173, 3174, 3175, 3176, 3177, 3178, 3179, 3180, 3181, 3182, 3183, 3184, 3185, 3186, 3187, 3188, 3189, 3190, 3191, 3192, 3193, 3194, 3195, 3196, 3197, 3198, 3199, 3200, 3201, 3202, 3203, 3204, 3205, 3206, 3207, 3208, 3209, 3210, 3211, 3212, 3213, 3214, 3215, 3216, 3217, 3218, 3219, 3220, 3221, 3222, 3223, 3224, 3225, 3226, 3227, 3228, 3229, 3230, 3231, 3232, 3233, 3234, 3235, 3236, 3237, 3238, 3239, 3240, 3241, 3242, 3243, 3244, 3245, 3246, 3247, 3248, 3249, 3250, 3251, 3252, 3253, 3254, 3255, 3256, 3257, 3258, 3259, 3260, 3261, 3262, 3263, 3264, 3265, 3266, 3267, 3268, 3269, 3270, 3271, 3272, 3273, 3274, 3275, 3276, 3277, 3278, 3279, 3280, 3281, 3282, 3283, 3284, 3285, 3286, 3287, 3288, 3289, 3290, 3291, 3292, 3293, 3294, 3295, 3296, 3297, 3298, 3299, 3300, 3301, 3302, 3303, 3304, 3305, 3306, 3307, 3308, 3309, 3310, 3311, 3312, 3313, 3314, 3315, 3316, 3317, 3318, 3319, 3320, 3321, 3322, 3323, 3324, 3325, 3326, 3327, 3328, 3329, 3330, 3331, 3332, 3333, 3334, 3335, 3336, 3337, 3338, 3339, 3340, 3341, 3342, 3343, 3344, 3345, 3346, 3347, 3348, 3349, 3350, 3351, 3352, 3353, 3354, 3355, 3356, 3357, 3358, 3359, 3360, 3361, 3362, 3363, 3364, 3365, 3366, 3367, 3368, 3369, 3370, 3371, 3372, 3373, 3374, 3375, 3376, 3377, 3378, 3379, 3380, 3381, 3382, 3383, 3384, 3385, 3386, 3387, 3388, 3389, 3390, 3391, 3392, 3393, 3394, 3395, 3396, 3397, 3398, 3399, 3400, 3401, 3402, 3403, 3404, 3405, 3406, 3407, 3408, 3409, 3410, 3411, 3412, 3413, 3414, 3415, 3416, 3417, 3418, 3419, 3420, 3421, 3422, 3423, 3424, 3425, 3426, 3427, 3428, 3429, 3430, 3431, 3432, 3433, 3434, 3435, 3436, 3437, 3438, 3439, 3440, 3441, 3442, 3443, 3444, 3445, 3446, 3447, 3448, 3449, 3450, 3451, 3452, 3453, 3454, 3455, 3456, 3457, 3458, 3459, 3460, 3461, 3462, 3463, 3464, 3465, 3466, 3467, 3468, 3469, 3470, 3471, 3472, 3473, 3474, 3475, 3476, 3477, 3478, 3479, 3480, 3481, 3482, 3483, 3484, 3485, 3486, 3487, 3488, 3489, 3490, 3491, 3492, 3493, 3494, 3495, 3496, 3497, 3498, 3499, 3500, 3501, 3502, 3503, 3504, 3505, 3506, 3507, 3508, 3509, 3510, 3511, 3512, 3513, 3514, 3515, 3516, 3517, 3518, 3519, 3520, 3521, 3522, 3523, 3524, 3525, 3526, 3527, 3528, 3529, 3530, 3531, 3532, 3533, 3534, 3535, 3536, 3537, 3538, 3539, 3540, 3541, 3542, 3543, 3544, 3545, 3546, 3547, 3548, 3549, 3550, 3551, 3552, 3553, 3554, 3555, 3556, 3557, 3558, 3559, 3560, 3561, 3562, 3563, 3564, 3565, 3566, 3567, 3568, 3569, 3570, 3571, 3572, 3573, 3574, 3575, 3576, 3577, 3578, 3579, 3580, 3581, 3582, 3583, 3584, 3585, 3586, 3587, 3588, 3589, 3590, 3591, 3592, 3593, 3594, 3595, 3596, 3597, 3598, 3599, 3600, 3601, 3602, 3603, 3604, 3605, 3606, 3607, 3608, 3609, 3610, 3611, 3612, 3613, 3614, 3615, 3616, 3617, 3618, 3619, 3620, 3621, 3622, 3623, 3624, 3625, 3626, 3627, 3628, 3629, 3630, 3631, 3632, 3633, 3634, 3635, 3636, 3637, 3638, 3639, 3640, 3641, 3642, 3643, 3644, 3645, 3646, 3647, 3648, 3649, 3650, 3651, 3652, 3653, 3654, 3655, 3656, 3657, 3658, 3659, 3660, 3661, 3662, 3663, 3664, 3665, 3666, 3667, 3668, 3669, 3670, 3671, 3672, 3673, 3674, 3675, 3676, 3677, 3678, 3679, 3680, 3681, 3682, 3683, 3684, 3685, 3686, 3687, 3688, 3689, 3690, 3691, 3692, 3693, 3694, 3695, 3696, 3697, 3698, 3699, 3700, 3701, 37

Sunday, March 8

Pro War, Head vs. Gonzalez, Phoenix, Ariz.



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RACING THE TIGERS IN THE GARDEN

by **TEX MAULE**

THE first man who dropped down out of a tree, lit on two feet, and took off in a cloud of dust two jumps ahead of a saber-tooth tiger was the forerunner of foot racing. There were no AAU officials around to award him a gold medal if he won his handicap 440 from the beast; the only incentive he needed to set a fast pace was the thought of being nipped at the wire. Finishing second was more than a disgrace; it was fatal. The human race, consequently, went to the swift, and when man decided to move into caves, it's likely he could do a tidy quarter mile with a club in one hand and a cave woman in the other, especially if posed by one of the larger carnivores. By the time man had outfitted the dangerous animals, he had, understandably, developed a liking for foot racing which persists to this day. The stop watch has replaced the tiger, and a baton makes do for a club, and the indoor arenas must seem like home to erstwhile cave dwellers. Nothing has replaced the woman.

Foot racing, now, is fun and games. There are few spectacles in the world of sport to compare with an indoor track meet for color and movement and excitement. The floor of Mad-

ison Square Garden, where the National AAU indoor championships will be held Saturday night, takes on a carnival air when the lineal descendants of the foot cave man test themselves against one another. The tight, banked board track nestles practically in the laps of the front-row spectators and the balconies hang low overhead, freighted with excitement and noise. The action is squeezed into the tight space of the arena, so that everyone sees everything. The infield is a mélange of bright sweat suits and somber tuxedos; there is an uncountable number of officials at any indoor meet, strutting among the varicolored uniforms of the competitors like so many penguins at a peacock party. The sidelines—the high jump and the pole vault and any other field events run off in the infield—are much more readily apparent than the same events on the wider stage of an outdoor meet. In the Millrose Games recently, Jerry Welbaum, one of several 15-foot vaulters competing on the indoor circuit, hauled up in an attempt at 15 feet. His light Swedish steel pole buckled and Welbaum somersaulted spryly into the sawdust pit. The 15,000-odd people in Madison Square Garden gasped in

Men who once ran for their lives will run for glory at this week's AAU track meet, high point of the indoor season

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman

unison; at an outdoor meet, the same incident might easily have been overlooked, especially if a race had been in progress. The building drama of the successively higher trials in the pole vault and the high jump is much more effective indoors, where the vaultor, at the peak of his leap, is on fairly intimate terms with the spectators in the balcony.

The National AAU indoor championships will begin the second half of an indoor season which, so far, has followed form almost too closely. No one has seriously challenged Ron Delany in the mile; no one, for that matter, has been able to set a fast enough pace to push Delany to the indoor mile record so palpably in his grasp. The shoulder-bunching Irishman, who runs as though he expected a zip in the rear from a counterpart of the cave man's tiger, is a racer, not a runner. He races against men, not time, and unless the competition is extraordinary, his performances are not apt to be record breaking. In the National AAU he will face, for the second time in his career, the Hungarian world record holder in the 1,000- and 2,000-meter runs, Istvan Rozsavolgyi. Rozsavolgyi, after a delay over the issuance of his visa, arrived in the United States just in time to compete in the New York Athletic Club indoor meet

continued

AT THE GRAB of the gun, the relay runners make break for the pole in a maelstrom of sharp elbows and of sharper tactics.





Pushing through bustling traffic of AAU three-mile run, Houston's John Macy moves to eventual victory in 1957 indoor event (above); officials gather for debate (below) on weighty placing problems involved



at Madison Square Garden last Saturday, and acclimated himself with remarkable facility to the vastly different technique of running indoors, finishing a good second to Delany. He is a former pupil of Mihály Igloi and, under proper conditions, could doubtless push Delany even harder, if not beat him. Unfortunately, Rozsnyóvi must return to Hungary early in March. The rest of the mile field includes the same talent Delany has beaten over and over this year.

The one event which has provided surprises for the indoor track so this season is the sprints. Ira Murchison, the stocky little Negro sprinter from Western Michigan who has a jet-quick start, dominated early indoor meets. He lost two of three sprints to Duke's Dave Sims in Washington as Sims's superior top speed told at 90 and 100 yards after Murchison's getaway held up in the 70-yard sprint. Murchison and Sims were expected to renew their personal rivalry in the Millrose Games, but a pair of lung shots stole the show from them. Murchison failed to reach the finals of the 60-yard sprint when his starting block slipped in the semifinals and he could not make up the two yards the slip cost him. Ken Kave, a former Morgan State sprinter now a lieutenant in the Army, won the heat in 6.1 seconds, tying the world record. Sims, who started well enough, still could not catch Ed Collymore of Villanova, who also ran a 6.1 in his semifinal, although he qualified for the finals. Kave finished first in the finals, with a husky Penn State freshman, Bobby Brown, in second. Collymore finished just ahead of Sims in third. Sims attributed his difficulties to overtraining; a week later in the New York Athletic Club games, he beat Kave and Brown in a 60-yard sprint in 4.2 after he had not worked out in a week because of a strep throat.

Elias Gilbert, the pencil-thin hurdler from Winston-Salem Teachers College, has dominated the high hurdles all season, taking over with the retirement of Mike Campbell and the suspension of Lee Calhoun. Willie Stevens, who once came close to beating Gilbert in his specialty this season, has also entered the AAU; Charlie Pratt of the Philadelphia Pioneer Club, who beat Gilbert at the Boston AA meet and Francis Washington, Gilbert's teammate at Win-

BIOPERSE: HIGH LIFE OF A LITTLE MAN

SIXTEEN years ago, when he was 14, Phil Reavis (*see cover*) was saddled with one of boyhood's more onerous chores. He had to ride herd on a 4-year-old brother, an occupation which kept him out of the playground baseball games and other team sports. For lack of anything else to do, Reavis repaired to the high-jump pit and practiced high jumping, a sport which allowed him to keep an eye on his small and lively brother.

He was just out of junior high school then, a short (5 feet 5), wiry youngster. Through a long summer of baby-sitting at the high-jump pit, Phil boosted his altitude to 4 feet 8 inches. Now a 21-year-old senior in education at Villanova University, Phil is 5 feet 9½ inches, has high-jumped 6 feet 10 inches, and no longer baby-sits, even when he returns to his home in Somerville, Mass. He has probably jumped farther over his own height than any American ever has. "I hear about a Nigerian who jumped 131½ inches over his height," Reavis said the other day. "I've done 125½ inches and I'm hoping to get the other inch this year."

If he does manage to jump 6 feet 11 (a new world indoor record), which would give him a tie with the Nigerian, Reavis will doubtless do it in competition. He averages an inch or two higher under competitive pressure than he does in his best practice jumps. "The meets bring you along," he said. "The higher the bar gets, the smoother the jumps. When I'm jumping good, I lean out when the bar gets over 6 feet 4."

Reavis is a relaxed competitor, in sharp contrast to many track athletes. "I like to talk to people between jumps," he says. "Gets my mind off it. Then sometimes I watch the other boys jump and analyze their styles. Sometimes you pick up something that helps."

Phil considers his lack of height a psychological advantage in competition. "You take the 4-foot-8, 5-foot-3 boys," he says. "They start jumping, usually the bar is not as tall as they are. Then a tall man, when the bar gets over his head, why it's a new thing to him and it bothers him. Me, the bar is always overhead and it doesn't make much difference how far."

Reavis is a quiet, pleasant young man whose upper lip is underlined with a thin, feathery mustache. He hopes to teach history when he is graduated from Villanova in February of 1959 and his competition in track will likely end with his college eligibility. "I may not even jump in the National AAU outdoors unless I'm doing something promising," he said. "I enjoy high jumping, but I don't think I want to keep in shape for another Olympics."

Reavis prefers indoor meets, although his best outdoors is only a half inch under the 6-foot 8 he cleared two years ago indoors.

"I'm light and I have a quick take-off," he explains. "The boards give you a fast lift and I can take advantage of it. You take jumpers like Charley Dumas and Ernie Shelton—they use a long leg swing and their foot stays down so long, they lose that quick reaction. I'm working on a longer leg swing myself, but my style is pretty well set and I don't want to fool with it."

Phil is aiming at 7 feet, an amazing height for a 5-9½ jumper.

"I once thought 6 feet 7 would be my maximum," he says. "I got over that barrier, and I don't recognize any other."

Reavis will be one of the stars on display at the National AAU Indoor meet Saturday when he faces a strong field of high jumpers, including George Dennis, who has tied Reavis three times for first in recent meets; Bob Barcksdale, Ernie Shelton and Floyd Smith.



PHIL REAVIS

ruston/col



WORLD-RECORD-EQUALING KEN RAVE (SECOND FROM LEFT) OUTSPRINTS GRAHSM DAVE SINE (DARK JERSEY) IN RECENT HEAT

TIGERS IN THE GARDEN *continued*

ston-Salem, are the only other hurdlers near his class, with the possible exceptions of Georgetown Sophomore Alfred Hoddinott and Hayve Jones of Eastern Michigan.

At 600 yards, no one seems likely to catch Charlie Jenkins, the Olympic 400-meter champion. Jenkins, running at 1,000 yards in the first indoor meet of the season, turned in one poor race. Since then he has won four races in a row and seldom been pressed in any of them. Here again, as in the mile, the cast of characters is a familiar one little likely to offer surprise, unless Manhattan College's Tern Murphy provides it. Murphy is a strong, driving runner of the Tom Courtney type; his anchor laps for the Manhattan mile and two-mile relay teams have been superbly run, and if Jenkins should be only a trifle off, Murphy is the most probable upset threat. He handed Dave Searlock his first indoor defeat of the year in the NYAC meet, outkicking the North Carolina runner for a strong victory in the 880-yard run. Josh Calbreath, the world record holder in the 440-yard hurdles, is a mild threat, as is Joe Gaffney, of the U.S. Army, who has run consistently.

Searlock represents a new face—or, at least, a relatively new face—in the 1,000-yard run. The tall 16 feet

4½, long-legged runner from the University of North Carolina has won two indoor races this season in good times. Since the field for the AAU event includes only runners he defeated in those two races—and defeated easily—it is reasonable to assume that Searlock, who sets a blazing pace and maintains it until his opposition falls back, will have no trouble. Zbigniew Grywal, the Polish import who has improved steadily as he becomes accustomed to the hurly-burly of competition on the small indoor tracks, might, with luck in negotiating heavy traffic, collar Searlock. Tom Carroll, Yale freshman who set a national high school outdoor record in the 880, is a strong runner but an inexperienced one. Carroll may skip the 1,000 to try the mile.

Rozsavolgyi is entered in the three-mile run, and, should he try this event in preference to the mile, he will find strong competition from John Macy, a Polish refugee who recently dropped out of the University of Houston. Deason Jones, Iowa's slight but belittled two-miler, has skipped the AAU meet, leaving the three-mile to Macy, Rozsavolgyi or, if you prefer, Velma Mugosa, the Yugoslav distance runner who has improved consistently if not spectacularly in the five weeks he has been competing in this country. Mugosa defeated Macy in the NYAC two-mile, running by far the

best race he has turned in since he came here and winning easily in a stylish 8:59.

In field events the only sure winner is Parry O'Brien, who set a world indoor record at Frankfurt, Germany two weeks ago with a put of 61 feet 8½ inches. O'Brien reached 61-5½ in the Garden last Saturday, again breaking his latest world indoor record. O'Brien, a gentleman who restrains his modesty notably well, foresees a 65-foot effort for himself in the near future and possibly in the AAU. None of his competitors can even mention such a distance.

Don Bragg, who has had difficulty reaching 15 feet this season, and Bob Gutowski will have other 15-foot vaulters to worry about. Jerry Welborn and Ren Morris have cleared the height and one of them is pretty sure to do so again in this meet.

Regardless of how the races and the field events come out, the National AAU indoor meet, as ever, will have in full measure the urgency and excitement of all indoor meets. The singing, lifting, building tension of well-run relays, of tautly contested distance races and the explosive thrill of the short hurdles and dashes . . . these are the things which bring the track nuts back to see the old familiar faces. You may grow accustomed to the faces, but you never grow cold to the races.

END

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

News from the Clyde

TUCKED AWAY in a quiet inlet of the Firth of Clyde, downstream from the din of Glasgow, stand the weather-stained boatyards of Alexander Robertson & Son, Ltd., shipbuilders—with an emphatic notice over the carefully guarded entrance: NO ADMITTANCE. Here since last October, under veils of topsecrecy reminiscent of Cape Canaveral and Los Alamos, the British have been readying their 12-meter challenger *Sceptre* for the America's Cup races off Newport, R.I. this September. Until last week, the Clydeside Scots who have been building her allowed not the briefest peek at *Sceptre's* lines, not the scantiest intelligence to leak out as to her racing dimensions.

All this secrecy has had just one aim: to keep a dozen or so American yachtsmen as deeply in the dark as possible. And with good reason. Building now in East Coast yards—and not nearly so advanced as *Sceptre*—are three American 12-meters designed for Cup defense. American Designers Olin Stephens, Phil Rhodes and Ray Hunt and their backing syndicates have as natural a curiosity about what is shaping up on the Clyde as Nikita Khrushchev, say, very likely has about what missile the U.S. will launch next.

Well, we have news for you, Messrs. Stephens, Rhodes, Hunt and Blackens Henry Sears, Briggs Cunningham, Gerard Lambert, Henry D. Mercer, Cornelius Walsh, Arnold Press, Chandler Hovey and the rest. News, too, for John N. Matthews, who has been overhauling the veteran 12-meter *Vin* for Cup tests.

Sceptre's total weight will be about 84 tons. She will have an over-all length of almost 70 feet, a beam of 12 feet and a waterline of about 44 feet

—nothing too startling there, though the waterline, it seems, will be shorter than *Vin's*. She will have alternating frames of steel and timber, planking of African mahogany, an 80-foot mast of aluminum alloy and standing rigging of high-tensile steel. Perhaps more interesting: the word from the Clyde is that *Sceptre's* rated sail area is a trifle more than 2,000 square feet—*Vin* rates at 1,915 square feet—and *Sceptre's* sails will be of "syn-

thetic material." (Sorry, we haven't yet been able to confirm the rumor her sails will be of clear plastic sheeting.) Her keel will be 20 tons of lead—but a special word about *Sceptre's* keel, gentlemen. Mixed in with the lead for good luck are a handful of gold sovereigns which were ceremoniously tossed into the mold during the casting.

You'll find a picture of *Sceptre's* continued



"What a start!"

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hull on page 24, but before you turn to page 24 later to the lyric impressionist's a glimpse of her has just evolved from a Glasgow Scotswoman who managed to get past the NO ADMITTANCE sign: "Strong curves sweeping up from firm thighs, blending into the long overhang of her box forward, rising into a graceful tumble-bum on her topkides aft. The rake of her sternpost allows the long sweep of the keel profile to continue into the rudder, and, no matter from what angle she was viewed, *Scotch's* lines were satisfying and sweet to the eye."

Hard Core at Bowie

From Bowie race track one day last week came another installment in the long history of the hard-core horse fan and his dedication to the sport of kings. The words hard core are chosen with care, since who but hard-core types would turn out \$3,600 strong for Maryland racing in February? The \$3,600 made their way to Bowie despite raw, 22° weather and widespread warnings of snow. They watched undauntedly through a full card of eight races, despite the fact that by the last race snow was falling so heavily the horses were all but invisible. Only then did they think of horses and fences.

Those traveling by rail had no great trouble, but those traveling by auto found their cars trapped in a hopeless snarl of snow and traffic. Some struggled on afoot and found shelter in homes, restaurants and gas

stations. But the hard hard core? By an instinct of their own they headed back to the clubhouse and settled down. A relief train headed 2,000 away at 9 p.m. A second relief train headed off all but a final thousand, and these hardy souls were left to stick it out all night.

By the dawn's early light cigarets were being sold for \$5 a pack. The hard core had mostly turned to poker and gin rummy—after the county police broke up seven dice games, checked the dice and announced that four of the pairs were loaded. The track served a dollar breakfast. As the last of the hard hard core were released, one of them turned to another. "What you got good for Monday?" he asked.

Mountaineer Mugosa

ONE of the group of European athletes who have shipped over to this country for a brisk turn around the indoor track circuit is a 25-year-old Yugoslav distance runner who looks more like a college sophomore and Yelina Mugosa is 6 feet tall, darkly good-looking and fitted with a gold tooth that peeps out from the right side of his mouth. He also happens to be the first athlete from his mountainous country ever to perform in America on a tour of this type.

Last week in the New York AC two-mile run, he won his first American victory. It is true that his chief rival, Iowa's Deacon Jones, was elsewhere that night, but Mugosa turned in a powerful 8:59 performance that

even Jones might have found impossible to match. The correspondent of the Belgrade *Politika*, who has been watching hopefully for a month, sent off a long, happy dispatch to Yugoslavia.

Born in Podgorica, a little valley town in the province of Montenegro at the southwest corner of Yugoslavia, Mugosa was virtually reared in the Dinaric Alps. These mountains rise out of the Adriatic Sea along the entire length of Yugoslavia's rocky coast and shut in the small valley around Podgorica on all sides. Though banked under 10 to 15 feet of snow in winter, this town of 5,000 was hot and airless in summer, and the chief, most exciting diversion for Podgorican youngsters was to scramble up into the cool, fresh climate of the mountains on overnight hikes.

During the war, fighting in the hills put an end to all hiking activities, but it was in 1944, when Allied



bombing skirmishes over this Italian-occupied area were commonplace, that Mugosa's running career began in real earnest.

"The school building was the largest in town and had one strong drawback," he recalled through an interpreter. "It was almost two miles from the river, where the rocky crevices along the banks formed the town's only shelter from bombs. When we heard the planes coming, all of us children had to jump out of the school and race for our lives all the way to the river. Even though I didn't know it then, I guess that's when I started to become a runner."

After the war Podgorica repaired its damage, was renamed Titograd and returned, more or less, to normalcy. Back into the mountains scrambled the boys on their days off, though Yelina and his companions were older now and their trips often lasted as long as two weeks. Track, also, became one of the major pastimes of the area. Though he was not

They Said It

TOMMY BOLLS, after police bustle in San Antonio: "I'd like to know the key confession after they cut those greens."

LOU ROSSINI, coach of Colombia's straggling backfield team: "This is one of the best teams I've ever had—considerably."

BOBBY SHANTE, 1957 American League earned-run-average leader, pondering his Yankee season's team: "They may be weak, but they ain't inefficient."

JOHN GAVEN, trainer of Greatnie Stables, asked if he had any "sleepers" ready for the Kentucky Derby: "Every horse I've got is wide awake and close as hell."

particularly interested, Mugosa ran because that's what everyone was doing. But apparently he had something special. "When I started to run in local meets with boys my own age [18] I was surprised to find that they fell far behind."

His career developed astonishingly fast after these beginnings. Later in 1949, representing Montenegro at the national junior championships, he won the 1,500-meter run by more than 100 meters and was invited by a coach in Zagreb to come and work under him. Mugosa agreed, and with his father's overcoat (the only one the family owned) to keep him warm he left Yugoslavia by train to begin his new career in the north. Since then, in a little over eight years, he has set records and won championships in his country at distances from 900 to 5,000 meters. In the 1956 Olympics he posted the same time as Britain's Gordon Pirie in their heat of the 5,000-meter run, but an injured foot kept him from finishing in the finals.

Before coming to the U.S. this winter Mugosa had never run indoors or on a board track. But now he has mastered the smoke, the crowding and the exaggerated feeling of whirling round and round and will return happily, after the national championships this weekend, to his wife, his geography studies at the University of Belgrade and the pure, vigorous air of his Slavic mountains.

"If I can come back again next winter I know for sure that I will run just as well indoors here as I run outdoors at home," Mugosa said. And the gold tooth in the right side of his mouth flashed convincingly.

Going My Way?

THE old business is really rolling in the state of Washington these days, picking up enthusiastic converts among the city folk (like a snowball on a wet slope). Each weekend the state's roads are clogged with the automobiles of would-be skiers bound for their favorite runs, an estimated 10,000 of them heading for the slopes of the Snoqualmie Pass area alone.

But, sad to say, there are still one or two Washingtonians who put their state highways to no more adventurous

use now than simply traveling from place to place. Last week one of these, looking as disconcertingly out of place as a Mecca-bound Christian caught unaware in a Moslem pilgrimage, pulled his car out of the long line of traffic to seek help from the driver just ahead. "Is this the road to Ellensburg?" he asked. Assured that the road did in fact lead to the town on the other side of the mountain, the traveler breathed a sigh of relief.

"I just felt funny with no ski racks on my car," he explained.

Boat Versus Saddle

AMONG the questions that take a lot of settling but never go settled is the old chestnut about whether a man on foot would win a long-distance race from a horse and rider (SL, Nov. 26). Such a race was actually run in Utah last November (Salt Lake City to Roosevelt—187.7 miles) between two trackmen from Brigham Young University and two totally undistinguished horses. Ridden by a young oil-field worker and a 76-year-old cowhand, the horses finished the race; both runners dropped out. Quite a lot of money changed hands, and an ancient argument was settled once and for all, or anyway for a couple of months.

The trackmen were accompanied along the road by David D. Geddes, a physiologist who is chairman of the Health Education Department at Brigham Young University. When

ever the men stopped for food or rest, Geddes set to work with note pad, specimen bottle and electrocardiograph machine. Now, having charted and analyzed his observations, he announced a conclusion: with changes of pace and procedure in the next race, the men will beat the horses.

They will do it, Geddes says, by training for six weeks before the race on hard-surfaced roads like the one between Salt Lake City and Roosevelt. Shin splints, rather than exhaustion, was what felled 26-year-old Albert Ray last November after he had trotted 100 miles. (His 18-year-old partner, Terry Jensen, lasted 99 miles and quit because of exhaustion rather than shin splints.)

The runners will wear ripple-sole shoes as shock absorbers, and proceed at a Boy Scout pace—ran a while,



walk a while—of five miles an hour. Also, they will be given solid food. Last time, fearful of nausea, they took nothing but liquids. "They got awfully hungry," says Geddes, "and kept asking for hamburgers instead of all that juice. We didn't fully realize how many calories they were burning up—several hundred an hour."

Geddes' curiosity was not idle but scientific. His purpose is to learn how much stress the human body can absorb without suffering permanent harm. The two runners, he discovered, developed several symptoms of heart disease, but Jensen's disappeared within 48 hours and Ray's within a week. There was a curious, but not necessarily informative, side effect: both men lost all their toenails from the pavement pounding.

Now Jensen and Ray, nays regressors, answer with a hearty "You bet!" when asked if they want to try another race. But winter weather, the spring track season and summer heat will make a rematch impossible before next October. If the men win it, the argument will doubtless lapse for

continued



Irish Patriot

They carried his unrequited dreams,
And it came to a hundred fourteen;
So Murphy was thrown off the gallows,
Because he was wearing the gown.

—Rene Guenon

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a while until some veterinarian concludes that with specially designed horseshoes, fortified oats and precise conditioning, the horses could beat the men.

Cultural Development

It is less than eight years since the first national televising of a fight (Jake LaMotta vs. Laurent Dauthuille), though it seems like a century, and a poor one. Now we are about to have another television first.

The second running of the Carmen Basilio-Sugar Ray Robinson middleweight championship, a premiering affair, will be the first seen on television where you would expect to see a fight—in a fight arena. Until now no one has thought of doing anything so absurd. Movie theaters, including drive-ins, were held to be the proper home of closed-circuit TV fights. Because they have screens, that's why.

But on the night of March 25, boxing promoters like Norman Rothchild (Syracuse), Bill King (Louisville), Lou Viacini (Houston) and Sid Flaherty (practically the whole Pacific Coast) will present the TV version of the Basilio-Robinson fight just as if they were presenting a live show. In most of these arenas there will, in fact, be live preliminary bouts as antipasto to Basilio. Then huge screens will be dropped around the four sides of the rings and the championship bout will go on in glorious black and white, visible from any direction. Movie theaters will, of course, still put on the show, but it must seem to the participant that the movie houses is now deemed as a fight club.

The innovation is the result of TelePrompTer Corporation's successful bid (\$275,000 plus a guarantee of 500,000 seats) for TV rights to the fight, its first. TelePrompTer (Irving B. Kahn, president) started 10 years ago as a device for reminding TV speakers of what they were about to say. It got into sports by acquiring Stratton Closed Circuit TV, which had been putting on Notre Dame football games in the public rooms of hotels.

Bill Rosensohn, a TelePrompTer vice-president, estimates that be-

tween 450,000 and 475,000 TV tickets will be sold at an average price of \$4, leading to intoxicating expectations of a \$2 million take from closed-circuit TV alone. Top gross gate at Chicago Stadium, where the fight will be held, was \$334,730 in 1954 with a presentation of Bobo Olson vs. Kid Gavilan, in which Gavilan lost with his right hand tied behind his back. This one is certain to be a better fight but likely to be a smaller gate. Basilio and Robinson are happy about it all. They will divide 60% of everything—gate, TV and movies.

To get into the business of putting on a TelePrompTer fight a promoter needs a mere \$1,000 capital, which is about all some fight promoters have left. Half of this will rent him a large-screen projection unit and half will pay for installation of a local closed-circuit transmission loop over which the fight will reach his projector. Tele-

Prompter gets 50% of his receipts. TelePrompTer in turn pays the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president), the fighters and the costs of long lines and pickups.

It is an organization of some experience, originality and versatility. Early in March, for instance, TelePrompTer will present its second annual TeleSell, a gimmick whereby some 100,000 salesmen around the country will pay tuition fees so that they may attend closed-circuit TV lectures by "presidents of companies and leaders of industry." The subject: how to sell.

Early in the game it occurred to Vice-President Rosensohn that the men who best know how to sell a fight are fight promoters. He determined on a daring innovation—the presentation of TV fights in fight arenas.

"It seemed like a natural development," he said the other day.

PERRY JONES AND OTHER WESTERNERS GET TOP TENNIS JOBS

—News Item



California, Are I come!



WEST COAST JURY, leaders in long campaign to win due position for the West in USLTA, beam confidently. In center is Victor Denny of Seattle, new USLTA president, surrounded

by Californians all: Gerald Misner, Selection Committee Chairman James Moffet, International Play Committee Chairman William Kellogg and new Davis Cup Captain Perry T. Jones.

COMES THE TENNIS REVOLUTION

LIKE U.S. POLITICS, the national game of lawn tennis was once the exclusive property of the East Coast. Even 30 years ago, just before the arrival of the great Californians—Vines, Budge, Kramer—tennis clubs east of the Alleghenies outnumbered those from all the rest of the country put together. But tennis, like politics, was too vital and virile a game to remain the property of the exclusive few. The South and West grew in tennis magnitude, until by last year California alone boasted almost as many member clubs (193) as the eastern division (213). Nevertheless, until this year control has remained firmly in eastern hands.

Last week, with the appointment of California's Perry T. Jones as captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team, it suddenly began to seem as if something rather like a Jacksonian revolution had taken place in the ranks of

American tennis. It was a revolution achieved without bloodshed or fanfare last month at St. Petersburg, Fla. when the nominating committee of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association, after months of quiet backstage politicking, put up a new slate of officers headed by Seattle banker Victor Denny to succeed New Yorker Rensville McMann, whose administration, like those of all before him, had been predominantly eastern. With a Chicagoan and a Floridian as his chief lieutenants, mild-mannered, hard-working President Denny went on to apply the Jacksonian spells system to tennis by appointing two more West Coasters to key jobs: the chairmanship of the powerful selection committee and the captaincy of the cup team. He even hired a new auditor and a new official printer.

All this may well prove as beneficial to national tennis as Andy Jack-

son's healthy infusion of new blood proved to be for the republic. No man has done more to encourage tennis or to breed champions in his own bailiwick than 68-year-old Cup Captain Jones. But it cannot be overlooked that Jones's appointment was marred by a foot fault as crude as those of the Jacksonians who stood on the White House upholstery in muddy boots.

Just before appointing Jones, impatient Vic Denny picked up the telephone and summarily dismissed from the cup captaincy—conceivably from tennis itself—tireless, enthusiastic Bill Talbert, a staunch, competitive field leader who is going to be missed and a man, moreover, who shares all the progressive ideas of the Westerners themselves.

If Perry Jones can do for national tennis what he has done for the West, if he brings back the Davis Cup, if Vic Denny fulfills his promise to do something positive about an open tournament, all may yet be forgiven. But national tennis needs men like Bill Talbert too much to see them brushed aside without recognition or even as much as a thank-you.

DEBUTS AND DEEDS OF THE WEEK



TOP DOG at New York's Westminster Show is Ch. Patten-
ence Providence, a white standard poodle owned by Mr. and Mrs.
George Putnam, Manchester, Mass. With the 45-year-old bent-to-
show is Handler Bob Gorman (right), Broadcaster Bob Wolf.



FIRST FOAL, sired by Swaps poem with his dam, Sage Miss,
at Darby Dan Farm, Lexington, Ky., shortly after birth.
The bay colt could well meet the first offspring of his dad-
dy's old nemesis, Nathan (51, Feb. 18), in the 1961 Derby.





FIRST PEEK at *Savage*, Britain's challenger in the America's Cup races off Newport, R.I., next September, was permitted last week in the dim interior of a shed near Glasgow where the boatwrights of Alexander Robertson and Son, Ltd., are building the 34-ton, 12-meter yacht. Her hull is almost completed, and it is expected she will be launched in the early spring. Designed by David Boyd, "a traditionalist whose creations are always elegant," *Savage* will compete against the best of four U.S. boats. For details, see page 19.



HOME PLATE away from home is reverently transplanted in Los Angeles Coliseum by Dodger Gusholder Gino Cimoli and Airline Stewardess Jean Dow, who escorted it from Brooklyn's Ebbets Field. Witnessing the tender ceremony are (left to right): GE Hodges, Ed Harbeck and Junior Gilliam.

NEAREST PAID to break the oft-cited four-minute barrier is Herb Elliott (right), victor by a foot, and Merv Lincoln. The Aussies were both timed in 2:58.6 on a grass track at Perth, the fastest clocking ever recorded on turf. The race was Elliott's third straight sub-four-minute mile, all within month.



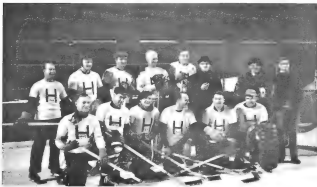
MESSRS. CHIPS ON ICE



HEADMASTER HALLOWELL MAKES AN EMERGENCY THREE-POINT LANDING AS A YALEMAN PURSUES THE PUCK ACROSS THE RINK

HEADMASTERS SQUAD consisted of: (front row) Eliot Putnam Jr. (Noble and Greenough), John Hallowell (Western Reserve Academy), George St. John Jr. (Moss Brown, emeritus), Seymour St. John (Choate), Dick Day (Hawken School), Edward

Hall (Hill); (back row) Francis St. John (Vergennes), John Crocker (Gimton), Harold Howe II (Newton High), Ed Galtsoff (Exeter), Lawrence Terry (Middleton), Thomas Chappell (Hotchkiss), Francis Grubbs (Lewis), John Kenner (Andover)



In an extraordinary hockey game at Choate last week between Yale faculty members (average age: 39) and prep school headmasters (average age: 16), the heads, partials notwithstanding, outskated and outscored the Yalies 3-1. "Our success in this venture," ventured Yale President A. Whitney Griswold before the game, "depends entirely on the length of the periods." Patently, the periods were overlong. As his beaten team left the ice, Coach Griswold thanked each man, saved warmest thanks for his exhausted goalie, Dean of Freshmen H. B. Whiteman. "That man kept the score down," said Griswold. "He should have his salary raised."



POSTGAME SCENE in Choate School gymnasium re-enthused Headmasters Francis St. John, Seymour St. John and Dick Day. A 1938 Yale graduate, Day suffered the game's lone injury, a cheek scratch.

Photographs by Richard Spork

MID-GAME RESpite on Choate bench affords Bill Baltasraft, Dick Day and Eliot Fuzess Jr. a chance to encourage men on ice. These three made headmasters' goals. Assists were credited to Yale.

YALE SQUAD posed with President Griswold. Front row: B. F. Mann, C. Lee Burton and Jake Morris (all of Yale Medical); Ralph Halsey and R. F. Ingh (both of administration); Charles Terry (economist); H. E. Hoxley (administration). Back row:

Thomas Mendeshall (history); Ralph Barr, Waldo Johnston, Richard Carroll, Griswold, H. B. Whiteman and Burton MacLean (all of administration); John Sawyer (economics); A. O. Victor (curator of maps); Norman Harrower (administration).



THE SMALL GREEN EMPIRE OF JACK KRAMER

His professionals drew the biggest crowd in U.S. tennis history last week. Their boss holds more power and stirs up more controversy than anyone else in the game

by DICK PHELAN

WORLD TENNIS, INC. is a small, neat business organization whose basic personnel consists of three people: a champion, a challenger and a promoter. The promoter is Jack Kramer, the owner of World Tennis, Inc. and the nearest thing to a capitalist ever produced by revenue from tennis. His champion is Pancho Gonzales, a rangy, 29-year-old Californian who since 1953 has been knocking off, almost casually, the best amateur tennis players Kramer's money could buy for him.

The two men are not precisely friends. For years they have kept their mutual regard to a dry minimum, and their leads, usually about money, have entertained newspaper readers as dependably as Pogo. But the two are linked by handcuffs of gold: Gonzales is champion, Kramer owns his contract. Neither can operate full throttle without the other, though both have tried. The irritating, profit-making arrangement must continue until someone defeats Gonzales.

This year someone may. The challenger is Lew Hoad, a 33-year-old Australian with a stubby, quarter-horse physique and by far the best early-season record anyone has yet made against Gonzales. They played the first 13 of their 100-match series in Australia and Hoad won eight.

Gonzales started out against Hoad in Australia with a little overconfi-

dence and a lot of overweight—195 pounds instead of 176. Now he has lost both. He has months of inactivity behind him and can probably get a little sharper, a little surer. Hoad has months of touring behind him and can easily go a little scale.

Two weeks ago the tour came to the United States, where it will zigzag around the country until June, making one- and two-night stands. Gonzales was expected to have an advantage on the indoor courts of the U.S., which are his special territory. (In Australia all the matches were played on grass.) But Hoad won their first indoor match, in San Francisco, 6-4, 20-18. "I see the ball pretty good," said Hoad, when someone asked if the lights bothered him.

The next day, however, in Los Angeles, Gonzales took over: 3-6, 24 22, 6 1. The second set lasted an hour and 55 minutes. Hoad broke Gonzales' service in the first game, but Gonzales pulled even at 5 5 and then broke through in the 46th game. "I like to win in Los Angeles," said Pancho, who grew up there.

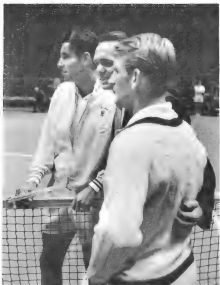
The third U.S. match was played in Madison Square Garden in New York last Wednesday. With Hoad leading now by 9 matches to 6, a crowd of 15,287 turned up to see what would happen. It was the biggest tennis crowd ever assembled in the United States. What happened was that Gonzales won 7 9, 6 0, 6 4, 6 4.

(This was the only best-of-five-sets match of the U.S. tour.) Only the Hoad of the first set was the Hoad people had come to see, but it was clear that his best is as good as advertised. When the match was over Gonzales looked pleased, Hoad looked glum and Promoter Kramer looked enchanted. The show had grossed \$56,000, and World Tennis, Inc. seemed certain of a big year, artistically and financially.

Seven months ago it didn't look good at all. Jack Kramer seemed to have got himself into a promoter's nightmare. Hoad had just won the Wimbledon singles championship, and Kramer had paid the highest price for him ever offered a tennis amateur to turn pro: \$125,000 for a 25-month contract, plus extras. Flown to the U.S. like a crate of strawberries, morning-fresh from his Wimbledon triumph, Hoad was installed in a professional tournament at Forest Hills and finished drably in a tie for third, defeated by Gonzales, Ken Rosewall and Tony Trabert. In a second tournament, played a week later in Los Angeles, he finished seventh and last.

Gonzales won both tournaments and retired to his Los Angeles residence to count his money and his grievances against Kramer.

Minus the champion, World Tennis, Inc. set out on its annual migration. The troupe consisted of Hoad, Ken Rosewall (Gonzales' unsuccessful challenger in the 1967 matches) and Pancho Segura. Kramer played tennis too, thereby functioning as both labor and management. For spare-time activity, he set himself a third job as well: to make Lew Hoad into worthy competition for Gonzales, if possible.



10,327 CROWDERS WATCH as Kramer and Hoad meet at net before New York match. Champion Pancho Gonzales is on the far side. Challenger Lew Hoad is in foreground.

"The kid just gets in there and slams the ball across the same way all through a match," said Kramer after Hoad's tournament disasters. "He's as strong as a horse, but he has got to learn percentage tennis."

Percentage tennis is shrewd tennis, or gambler's tennis. Kramer isn't sure that he invented it, but he does think he perfected it. It involves turning your opponent's weaknesses to the best possible advantage and taking big chances when you are so far ahead you can afford to or so far behind you have to.

On second-rate courts in South Africa, in airplanes over Middle Eastern deserts, in the hot and gloomy lobbies of Indian hotels, talking, coaching, reminding, Kramer did the job. By January, when the troupe had wound up its tour in Australia and a new tennis year began, Lew Hoad had cramed the wide open space—almost measurable in light years—that sep-

arates the quality of today's amateurs from that of the pros. The high-priced turkey of 1957 had been transformed into the golden goose of 1958.

Given enough time, Hoad would have made it by himself. Given Jack Kramer, he made it faster, for Kramer is a man who loves big, quick results. He is not a *there who can, do; there who can't*, back kind of teacher. (He is not a teacher at all except to his own children and to new pros he is grooming to face Gonzales.) He could, and can, play tennis. There are many who believe that even now, done in by arthritis and old age (he is 34), Kramer could beat any amateur player in the world, just by drawing on his old-pro know-how and the residue of greatness. He is one of the best players the U.S. has ever produced. *Tilden, Budge, Kramer*, say some. No, say others, *Tilden, Budge, Gonzales, Kramer*. He was amateur champion, then professional cham-

pion, then promoter, somehow getting from peak to peak without ever setting foot in a valley.

There is no formal connection between amateur and professional tennis, not even open tournaments. Still, Kramer is a force, a stimulant, an irritant to all tennis.

"I look on the amateurs as my farm system," he says flatly, and this has been particularly true in Australia. There he is denounced regularly as a public enemy because his money tempts the best Australian players to abandon their amateur status and thus their eligibility for Davis Cup play. Then when his troupe arrives in Australia the very public that reviled him flocks to his matches and the profits mount. This leads the amateur tennis officials, whose own tournaments sometimes follow Kramer's and don't draw nearly so well, to lambaste him afresh. But they let him come back. Their share of his gate receipts helps support the Australian amateurs.

If the Australian reaction to Kramer is close to apoplexy, U.S. reactions range from amusement through envy and dismay. After all, Kramer has signed away only one American amateur champion, Tony Trabert. Doubtless he would have signed more if more had been available, but in the recent lean years they weren't. Kramer hasn't upset any major appointments since 1958, when he confessed, in a magazine article called *I Was a Paid Amateur*, that he had accepted under-the-table cash from the sponsors of some major USLTA tournaments. At the time Kramer was the unpaid coach of the junior Davis Cup squad, and doing a good job. Shortly after the article appeared the USLTA regretfully fired him.

Kramer promotes tennis in a flamboyant way, and makes a rich living doing it. His raids on the Davis Cup lineup, his squabbles with the defenders of the amateur faith, his raw-voiced quarrels with Gonzales do not make him much of a villain, though he is sometimes painted as one. If he were not signing up amateurs, some other promoter would be. Even the officers of the USLTA—some of them—grant that Kramer's doings are good for tennis. World Tennis, Inc. brings top-rank playing to millions who otherwise would never see it except in newspapers, or in the weird perspective that TV cameras inflict on tennis courts.

ron/wood

Behind the ever-advancing front of his own publicity, Jack Kramer has done two notable things: he has achieved a power and a permanence no tennis promoter ever had before, and he has taken professional touring out of its casual, model A period and sniped it up into a lean, smooth, businesslike operation.

He turned the first trick with a marvelously simple device. "When I sign a player," he says, "he is under contract to defend the championship for me if he wins it. That perpetuates my job."

It does indeed. Before Kramer, contracts between players and promoters were one-shot affairs that ran out when a tour ended. They are not like that any more. "I sign Gonzales for the longest periods the law will allow," Kramer says. And when those periods end—or when Gonzales thinks he has found a loophole, as he thought last year—Kramer is still to be dealt with because he controls the one or two players who are good enough to generate box-office power as Gonzales' opponents. Contracts—signed, witnessed and locked away—are what make Kramer an almost irresistible force in tennis. Historically, he is the first such phenomenon the sport has had to deal with.

As a businessman, Kramer applies the principles of modern farming: careful cultivation means a bigger yield. Years ago, without adding a day to the length of the American tour, he increased the number of dates played on it from 35 to 162. "What we did," says Kramer, "we cut out some of the small towns entirely and played more two-night stands in big cities. That gave the boys more rest from traveling but let us play more tennis and make more money at the same time."

Ceaselessly, carefully, he promotes his list of sponsors, discarding the lousy ones, searching out good ones to replace them. World Tennis, Inc. enters a town with little more than the players and a canvas court to play on. The local sponsor—a charity, a tennis club, a sporting goods dealer—provides the publicity, staffs the arena and takes 40% of the receipts. "I want a live-wire guy in charge of the local outfit," says Kramer. "And I want sponsors that either love money or love tennis enough to get the people out."

Once the people have been got out,

World Tennis, Inc.'s 60% of the gate receipts is sent untouched back to headquarters in Los Angeles. There Mrs. Daisy Aiken Kramer, Jack's mother, keeps the books and signs the checks for the company. ("It's really a good feeling, boy," says Kramer with a smile, "to know that the person back there at the cash drawer is someone you can trust absolutely.") Once a month Mrs. Kramer mails out checks to members of the troupe. Some of them are on straight salary, others get a percentage of the gate.

This procedure is followed whether the tour is in Pittsburgh or Pakistan. World Tennis, Inc. actually



DAVID KRAMER, 11, WATCHES DAD'S SHOW

makes two tours a year. In August or September the players start through Europe, then go to Africa and on to the Far East. In January they reach Australia and a different tour begins—the one on which a new challenger tries to knock off Gonzales, the one on which Lew Hoad is doing so well right now.

Kramer is thus familiar with many of the world's currencies and the problems of exchange. He responds to the innocent blue of French thousand-franc notes, the muddy browns of Pakistani rupees, the peculiar texture of Hong Kong's paper dollars. He can think in pounds, if necessary. And he knows both the sorrows of converting foreign moneys into U.S. funds and the sorrows of not being allowed to. "I got money in Australia," he says, "that they won't let me take out of the country. But I have to pay income tax on it in the United States."

To give his Australian money something to do, he has invested in a stud farm which breeds horses on a special timetable in Australia, to be moved in the United States. "You're going to see horses named Big Serve, Drop Shot and Backhand," he says. But this enterprise is just getting under way. Kramer doesn't know yet whether he will operate his own racing stable in this country or just import the colts and sell them.

WHEN his troupe approaches a major city Kramer takes over the publicity work himself. There, perhaps, he does the grandest job of all. Most of the country's top sports columnists are his old acquaintances. To him television and radio are familiar, handy tools, like a screwdriver and pliers, and he has the gift of putting them at his service by being, or making, news. No medium is too large for his talents or too small for his attention. If a high school sports announcer approaches him timidly with a tape recorder, Kramer asks two questions and goes to work. "Who will I be talking to?" he asks and, "How long do you want it?" Then, in a prose style that is usually found only in the printed programs of sports events, he talks. His speech will contain a complimentary reference to the group it is aimed at, it will offer a plug for the next local appearance of World Tennis, Inc. and it will fill the bill.

The life that Kramer has designed for himself requires something close to the human maximum of energy and drive, and Kramer has it. He has always had it. When he was born, on August 1, 1921, in Las Vegas, Nevada, he was a railway fireman's son and Las Vegas was an obscure and dusty western town. But even then, though it didn't show, John Albert Kramer was The Boy Who Had Everything. He had physical equipment that needed only to grow up to be that of a champion. He had a competitive instinct that has kept him going like a whipped top all his life. And he was the only child of parents who wanted for their son exactly what he wanted for himself.

His father, David C. Kramer, didn't settle, as most fathers do, for railing a basketball hoop over the garage door. He built half a basketball court in the backyard and kept it rolled for Jack. Near it was a pit for pole-vauling and broad-jumping. David

continued on page 28

Watch "Your Hit Parade" on TV
Saturday nights for the

Hit Parade cigarette

\$200,000⁰⁰ MYSTERY TUNE CONTEST



FIRST PRIZES:

32 NEW '58 CHEVROLET CONVERTIBLES
4 awarded in each of 8 contests

SECOND PRIZES: **32 \$1,000⁰⁰ CHARGE ACCOUNTS**
4 awarded in each of 8 contests

at any convenient store of your choice... 4 awarded in each of 8 contests

1,280 OTHER EXCITING PRIZES

400 AWARDED IN EACH OF 8 CONTESTS:
3rd PRIZES: 10 New 8-Track Music Systems
100 Free calls
100 Phone Booth Sets
5th PRIZES: 10 Hit Parade TV Sets
6th PRIZES: 10 Hit Parade TV Sets
6th PRIZES: 10 Hit Parade TV Sets



Easy to enter! Watch "Your Hit Parade"
and name the mystery tune. Then tell us
why you like Hit Parade cigarettes.

JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. To enter any of our contests contact us by mail to: **Hit Parade**, c/o **Mount Vernon 16, New York**. Send us the mystery tune played on **Your Hit Parade** TV show for that contest week, and then complete this contest card. We'll award a prize to the winner. **1** Like **Hit Parade** cigarettes because... **2** Make your entry on a letter or other all entry blank or one side of one letter sheet of paper. Be sure to print or write name and address clearly. You may state each contest in many ways or you wish, but your entry must be recognized by an official judge as a contest of **Hit Parade** cigarettes. Mail your entry to:

**Hit Parade Contest,
P. O. Box 408,
Mount Vernon 16, New York**

We may use your address postage or some envelope.

2. There is a series of eight contests each week.

Contest	First prize	Second prize	Third prize
1. May 1-7	10 New 8-Track Music Systems	100 Free calls	100 Phone Booth Sets
2. May 8-14	10 New 8-Track Music Systems	100 Free calls	100 Phone Booth Sets
3. May 15-21	10 New 8-Track Music Systems	100 Free calls	100 Phone Booth Sets
4. May 22-28	10 New 8-Track Music Systems	100 Free calls	100 Phone Booth Sets
5. May 29-31	10 New 8-Track Music Systems	100 Free calls	100 Phone Booth Sets
6. May 32-34	10 New 8-Track Music Systems	100 Free calls	100 Phone Booth Sets
7. May 35-37	10 New 8-Track Music Systems	100 Free calls	100 Phone Booth Sets
8. May 38-40	10 New 8-Track Music Systems	100 Free calls	100 Phone Booth Sets

Hit Parade Contest, P. O. Box 408, Mount Vernon 16, New York

3. Judge each entry on the basis of the number of correct answers to the mystery tune. The winner of each contest will be the person who has the most correct answers.

4. Judge each entry on the basis of the number of correct answers to the mystery tune. The winner of each contest will be the person who has the most correct answers.

5. There will be awarded on the basis of the number of correct answers to the mystery tune. The winner of each contest will be the person who has the most correct answers.

6. There will be awarded on the basis of the number of correct answers to the mystery tune. The winner of each contest will be the person who has the most correct answers.

ENTRY BLANK

Here is my contest entry:

The correct name of the mystery tune is.....

Complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less: "I like Hit Parade cigarettes because....."

My name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Mail, with either end panel from a carton of Hit Parade cigarettes, to:

**Hit Parade Contest
P. O. Box 408
Mount Vernon 16, New York**

Good Show for Boating

**Record sales, new clothes, a revolution
in the galley forecast a big nautical year**

THE SILENCE of sails soaring to the vaulted roof of the International Amphitheater, hard by the frozen shores of Lake Michigan, last week lifted the hearts of the 281,860 Chicagoans who found in the world's largest indoor display of boats (827 models) an augury of spring more potent than the most courageous crocus. Along one wall an indoor river flowed, apart with a parade of powerboats, each equipped with models wearing the latest marine-inspired apparel. As boardman's new wares spread their periwinkles of glorious days afloat at shows from coast to coast, more people came, saw, touched and bought than ever had before. In January, New York's Motor Boat Show drew a record 359,000 visitors (SI, Feb. 3). And next week, San Francisco's Cow Palace weighs anchor with the biggest boat show in the West. There one "new" class of boat to be offered is a 1858 line of Chinese junk, brought by steamship from Hong Kong by a Belvedere entrepreneur. The 30-foot model is \$4,750, sleeps four and has two golden cotton sails. As a concession to the American trade, it has a built-in cocktail bar.

Everywhere there is evidence that women have come aboard. Where once boats used to be a simple, shipshape white or natural wood, they now glow with pastel two-tone paint jobs. And where once a galley often was no more than a hot plate with can opener attached, there are now stainless steel and mahogany cooking centers of gleaming efficiency (see page 38).

Further evidence that boating is a family affair will be found in the green variety of sportswear available this spring designed for life afloat. Examples of it, shown here and on following pages, were photographed at Bahia Mar, Fort Lauderdale's 360-boat yachting center. Like the boats that have wintered in the South and the showpieces in the North, they'll move out of doors all across America come spring.

AT THE CHICAGO BOAT SHOW a Nipper with striped sail, a Felipe and two Robins vie with hundreds of other craft on display for prospective owners among show's many visitors.

IN CONTROL TOWER 21 Bahia Mar, Fran Deal and Charles Hermann wear clothes of Wellington Sears's shipshape sailcloth. Her dress, of red, white and blue stripe with button-on blue apron, is called Pickerman's Wife (\$25, Kress Barr for Casino). His blazer and slacks are of same fabric (see page 38).





Ford presents a brilliant

THU

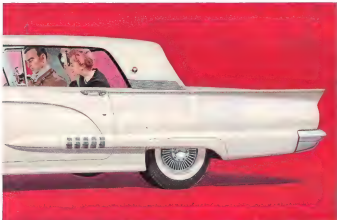


*America's most individual car—an automotive
jewel that's pure Thunderbird in design,
spirit and performance...with full fine-car
room, comfort and luxury for four*



new version of a great classic...the 4-passenger

THUNDERBIRD



Another first from Ford! In the 1958 Thunderbird, Ford has created a wholly new size and type of fine car. It gives you Thunderbird compactness, Thunderbird handling and traditional Thunderbird performance—yet, miraculously, it now gives you full fine-car room and comfort for four people! It brings you interior appointments that are unbelievably imaginative and luxurious. Now, happily, you can share your Thunderbird thrills with deserving friends. Now it's twice the fun to own the car that became an American classic the very day it was introduced. For details about America's most excitingly different car,

turn the page, please

FORD THUNDERBIRD '58

All this . . . at a price far below that of other luxury cars!



The new 4-passenger Thunderbird stands only slightly larger than the raciest car built. It rides and handles and parks like a dream.

There's room to seat four vanity crewmen in lap-of-luxury comfort. The exceptionally wide doors allow you to step in or out with ease and grace. And with the all-new 300-h.p.

Thunderbird 352 Special V-8 Engine you get all the lively response and performance that you've previously associated with the Thunderbird.

By any standards, here is an automotive jewel. Visit your Ford Dealer at your earliest convenience. Let him tell you all about this excitingly different car.



Exclusive "Panel Console" sets new standards of convenience. Rising from the floor, it contains heater control, radio speaker, ash trays, and power-window controls within reach of all four passengers. The 1958 Thunderbird shows in luxury still so imagined in cars of greater length and bulk.



Thunderbird's single-unit body creates extra space! Top, body and frame are all molded into one piece of sculptured steel, adding roominess, strength, safety to the Thunderbird.



Only 32.5 inches high! Every line is a line of distinction, graceful, long and low. Yet the Thunderbird provides luxurious head, shoulder and leg room in all four seats.



Brilliant new instrument panel with crystal-etched, push-out personality, which parking and deeply recessed control cluster. Special feature: mirror surface of glass lens clear as a crystal in any setting.



More room than you need! Extra room. Thunderbird trunk compact and has enough room to carry the average family of four's baggage on a cross-country tour. You can take four suitcases, two golf bags, plenty of other gear.

SPORTING LOOK continued

STRIPED-KNIT PULLOVER (\$22.50, Gino Paoli), made in Italy, is striped with blue and white, has comfortable easy fit, pockets at waistline. Peter Glenn, skipper of yacht *Tropane*, wears it with cuffless blue denim pants.



FLAG-PRINTED PULLOVER (\$6, Datsuna International) featuring signal codes. Jerry Keeler of Fort Lauderdale wears it over white cotton boating pants cut to a seaworthy calf length (\$7, both McGregor) and blue canvas deck shoes (\$8, Dunlop).

ROPE-KNIT PULLOVER (\$25, Gino Paoli) is another version of the newly arrived Italian-made spring-knit shirts, comfortably porous yet practically sturdy for boating. Jim Kirk wears one striped in navy and white at Bob's Mar's Pier A.



continued



PEL JACKET and bell-bottomed trousers (828, by John Weiss for Princess Square) are worn by Tish Carter while visiting the yacht *Seashore Treble*.

ON SHORE LEAVE, Charles Herrmann wears striped jibbosh blazer (823), white flared slacks (831, both Givens) and navy silk-and-tulle knitted skirt (86, Activair); Fran Deal a red Vivelle "Bally" skirt (818), white pleated Vivella skirt (848, both Hainaway), Bernardo thong sandals.



TRUCK SWEAT (136, White Stag) are of cotton knit, with fleece backing, and make ideal pullovers for breezy boating. Jerry Kessler and Karen Ekman, both of Fort Lauderdale, wear them for a trip down the Inland Waterway.



Cooking for Cruising

Today's galley slave has it made—with this selection of fancy meals and fancy modern equipment

STAINLESS-STEEL counter tops that are impervious to anything, and improved use of storage space have wrought marvelous changes in the galleys of even the smallest cruisers seen at this year's motor boat shows. If you, like me, are the one who is always tapped for ship's cook (partly because you love to cook and partly because you're not too much use as a dockhand) you will have a wonderful time producing delectable meals in your galley. Here is a basic menu list to help make your cruise light of work and heart.

These are meals for a five-day cruise for four people. The things you need can be bought beforehand or ashore if you put into port during your voyage. I suggest that in stocking your boat you look over the new General Foods Gourmet line—they have put up many delectabilities never canned before. I have chosen some of them; you may find others. As a general rule, plan a hearty breakfast at dockside, and while you're getting it ready do as much preparation as you can for the lunch you'll serve under way. Then, when you're tied up for the evening, you can come up with imaginative and satisfying dinners which require a few flourishes but not a lot of work.

Shift the meals about to suit your fancy, but be sure that the lunch and dinner for any one day contrast well with each other.

These meals are planned so that they can be done on two burners and served piping hot. At breakfast time, for instance, if you're going to use both burners (as when you cook scrapple and scrambled eggs) make the coffee first and give it a quick warmup when the food is done. The wheat pilaf suggested for a dinner is removed from the heat to finish cook-

ing, so you can heat the peas while that's going on. The two desserts which are served hot can get that way while you eat the first course.

If you want desserts for lunch take along fruit to eat from the hand—whatever is in season. Here are your basic menus:

Breakfast: 1) Prune, grapefruit, fig, vegetable or pineapple juice. 2) Cereal. 3) Fried eggs and bacon, toast in the hole, lemon pancakes with maple syrup, fried canned scrapple and scrambled eggs, corned beef hash. 4) Bread and jam. 5) Coffee.

Tip for preparation: To make toast in the hole, cut a round from the

center of a slice of bread. Put into skillet with melted butter or bacon fat and break an egg into the hole. When underside is browned, add more fat and carefully turn the "toad" over to brown second side. To make lemon pancakes, add a dash of lemon juice to pancake batter. For crusty corned beef hash, melt butter in big skillet and press hash down well. Cook over medium heat, covered.

Lunches: 1) Clam chowder, Blue Lake green beans with poppyseed dressing. 2) Smorgasbord, Swedish rye bread. 3) Onion soup, fried scrappies, Parmesan cheese; green salad with marinated artichoke shells. 4) Lobster salad, canned potato sticks. 5) Potato salad, cold canned ham.

Tip for preparation: To canned potatoes



THE WHITTIER 48-foot sport fisherman cruiser has a luxurious stainless-steel-lined galley with electric refrigerator and range, complete with built-in oven.



COLONIAL 38' Custom Sport cruiser has extra-long stainless steel work space, furnishing excellent work space.

New England clam chowder add 1 tablespoon rehydrated instant onion and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon leaf thyme per can. Top each serving with a pat of butter. Chill the beans, drain and add dressing. For a seagoing smorgasbord, serve herring in wine, herring in sour cream, anchovy fillets, hard-boiled eggs, paté and smoked salmon. Serve with mayonnaise, Swedish rye bread, butter. Onion soup improves with a dash of sherry or other wine. Cut up artichoke shells, mix with greens and use marinade as dressing. The lobster salad should be assembled in the morning. Mix lobster meat with mayonnaise, add caraway seed, pepper and salt to taste and chill until ready. Potato salad also should be started in the morning. Boil potatoes in skins. Peel, slice or cube, and when cool put into a bowl in layers with rehydrated minced onion, diced green pepper and French dressing. Refrigerate to mellow; when ready to serve mix with mayonnaise to taste.

Desserts: 1) Chill con carne; hearts of palm salad; applesauce and cookies. 2) Paella: chilled canned asparagus with French dressing; canned cherries jubilee (as is, or with ice cream). 3) Sautéed fish (your own catch) or tuna fish in cream sauce with cheese in it; canned wild rice; green salad; mandarin oranges with brandy or Grand Marnier, cookies or cake. 4) Curried chicken; seasoned wheat pilaf; tiny canned peas; fig pudding. 5) Pan-broiled steak (Kitchens Bouquet for browning), canned sauce béarnaise, instant mashed potato with minced chives, chiffonade salad; canned crepes suzette.

Tips for preparation: To canned chili con carne add chopped beef, fried with onion and garlic. Add chili powder to taste and heat chili through. Serve chilled hearts of palm with whatever dressing you like. To make shipboard paella: brown canned

chicken pieces in hot olive oil. Fry garlic and rice for a few minutes, add clam juice, chicken pieces, canned tomatoes and a chopped green pepper. Simmer until rice absorbs clam juice. Add chopped clams and saffron and heat 5 minutes. If you are serving sautéed fresh fish with the wild rice, add to the latter canned chopped mushrooms and a little dry white wine. For curry, brown onion and garlic in butter. Add flour and curry powder to taste. Add chicken stock. Stir until thick. Add chicken meat and heat through. Fig pudding is made by substituting fig juice for half the milk in instant vanilla pudding mix. Chiffonade salad is any combination of greens with julienne beets, tossed in French dressing.

Absolute musts in the cooking utensil department are: a double boiler, large- and medium-sized skillets, a big pot for boiling lobster, corn and such, saucepans in assorted sizes and a Mouli grater.

END



OUTER STATIONMASTER (Stalder) has good work and storage space in small, well compartmented galley.



RICHARDSON "43" Salco has a galley stove with Formica-covered lid which comes down flush with the other counter tops when no cooking is going on.



OWEN (Stalder) has a rearally located galley, conveniently arranged. It utilizes every inch of available space for storage of staples and working surface.

A Plain Man from Arkansas

Glen Rose, who produces winning basketball at Arkansas without fuss or fancy stuff, has a team as blunt as the Ozark countryside which may be best in the Southwest



ROSE, LAZARUS, WITHOUT FRILL OR FARE

Woooooo Pig Scool!"—easily the oddest and possibly the most bloodcurdling college yell in the nation when delivered by 5,000 undergraduate throats—is the cheer that greets rival basketball teams when they invade the fine new fieldhouse of the University of Arkansas at Fayetteville. It is, of course, the traditional chant of the hog-caller, and may appear somewhat out of place these days, since the raising of chickens has largely replaced pig farming in this northwest corner of the state, and the wild razorback hog has been hunted nearly to extinction. At the same time, the cheer is particularly apt for Arkansas's Southwest Conference foe. The conference is made up of seven teams in the state of Texas—and the University of Arkansas. "Woooooo Pig Scool!" serves as a sharp reminder to visiting Texans that they are on foreign soil and to Razorback teams that they are upholding the honor of the state against successive waves of invaders.

Just as Arkansas-apt are the personnel of the Razorback basketball teams and the style that they play. The young men—well-muscled, rough and ready as the Ozark countryside that surrounds Fayetteville—reflect the invigorating, largely outdoor living of the small towns from which most of them spring. The basketball is a direct reflection of their coach, as typical an Arkansan as could be deliberately concocted.

Glen Rose is a plain man: 52, a spare, erect 6-foot-5 and without a scintilla of frill or fake in personality or manner. The face is well-lined, the

eyes deep blue and steady, the infrequent speech is a fast drawl of careful, lean prose that is always to the point and to the question. One story—the barest shade off the truth, but hardly apocryphal—tells the man. In the All-College tournament at Oklahoma City a few years ago, Rose's boys were playing well, somewhat over their heads as they often do, and the score was tied up at the half. At intermission the opposing team trooped off to the dressing rooms—normal procedure, of course. The Arkansas players put on sweat clothes and sat down on the bench. They sat and Rose sat, resting, saying nothing. The other team came back on the floor and began to loosen up. Arkansas sat. A referee raised one finger, signaling to Rose that one minute of intermission remained. Arkansas sat. The referee blew his whistle for play to resume. Rose leaned forward, looked down the line of his bench and said two words: "Same five."

ROSE PHILOSOPHY

Rose's philosophy regarding practice, half-time or even practice-session talk is simple: "If you can think of something worthwhile to say, fine. But I don't believe in haranguing boys or exhorting them." Arkansas players know what's expected of them; Rose tells them in uncomplicated language. And they know also that if they try and still fail to execute their coach's plans, they will not be humiliated publicly or chewed out like dunces or delinquents. At practice, Rose stands around in old white T shirt, dark

trousers and tennis shoes, arms folded on his chest, eyes following every move. He stops a scrimmage by blowing through his teeth. Then he will say to a player who has made a mistake: "Jim, why don't you try it this way next time?" or, to one who has thrown the ball away: "Bill, a bounce pass would have been better." It is a manner which, admittedly, might not be completely successful with boys of other backgrounds, but it is wholly comprehensible and familiar to Rose's Arkansans.

During a game Rose sits silently on the bench, occasionally crossing or uncrossing his legs, his mouth working a wad of chewing gum. Arkansas fans cannot recall as instance in Rose's 15 years as coach when he has come off the bench to dispute a referee's decision. Only once, indeed, has he come off the bench at all. A few years ago, after what he obviously considered a particularly bad call, Rose suddenly stood up. As thousands watched in startled silence, he stood, immobile, for long seconds, perhaps equally surprised at his behavior. Then he slowly raised a hand, scratched his head and sat down.

The style of play Rose teaches is honest, straightforward basketball; no fancy stuff, practically no set plays. It has met with remarkable success in the Southwest, though Rose is the first to admit that conference play is only now beginning to rise to the level maintained by many other areas. Arkansas has won or shared its more Southwest titles (18) than any other school (Rose, as the

continued



DRIVING LAYUP by Grim (light uniform) helped clinch a close victory over SMU.

A PLAIN MAN *continued*

player, helped win three championships in 1924, '27 and '28) and is the only school that has won more games against every opponent than it has lost since it began to participate in 1924.

Rose fashions his offense to suit the talents of his players and seldom varies it throughout a given season. "I don't believe in special, trick offenses," he says. "The other teams snout you, they prepare for you and then if your trick stuff doesn't work, where are you?" Since Arkansas talent has been pretty much the same for years now, the Rose offense has tended to fall into a pattern too. Critics have described it bluntly as "shoot and follow," which is not the whole truth. The Razorbacks do shoot a lot—they tried nearly 400 more field goals than their opponents

last season—and they do follow, grabbing close to 200 more rebounds than opponents in that same period. Rose's comment on ball-control style of play, as opposed to his, is as blunt as that of his critics. "At some of those control schools, a kid can get to be a junior before he takes his first shot at the basket. The object of this game is to put the ball through the hoop, not to see how long you can hold it before you try. You play a game, you take risks. That's what playing games is all about."

Arkansas plays a double post and screen well to set up a shooter, but when he lets fly, his four teammates all charge the boards. They have to. Arkansas has been consistently outscored by most of its opponents for several years now. Yet their rebound record is excellent. That and the tenacious man-for-man defense which Rose uses almost exclusively account for Razorback success.

SURPRISE LEADERS

This year's squad could hardly be more typical. All 32 range between 6 feet and 6 feet 6, and between 180 and 210 pounds. In *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* preseason survey, the consensus opinion of Southwest coaches held that this squad would finish sixth in an eight-team conference. Instead, Arkansas has led much of the way and last weekend was first with a 7-3 record. Rice, the unanimous favorite, and Texas Tech, new to the conference this year, are tied for second with 6-3.

Last week SMU came to Fayetteville for a game that Arkansas had to win to stay ahead of Rice. The SMU team that Coach Doc Hayes brought up from Dallas was largely composed of sophomores, led by senior Guard Rick Hemscher, a steady performer and a dead shot from outside. Opposing them, Rose started the same five men who have played through most of every game this far: Fred Grim, Wayne Dunn, Larry Greihart, Jay Carpenter and Harry Thompson. Grim, a bare 6 foot tall, was as lightly regarded in preseason estimates by rival coaches as his team, and, like his team, has led the conference practically all season—in scoring. He has an 18-points-per-game scoring average and is 80% plus from the free-throw line. After a series of ear-splitting "Woooooo Pig Sooties," Grim showed why he is the top scorer on possibly the best team in the Southwest. He repeatedly

brought the ball upcourt on a half-speed fast break; only a few steps past the center line he took his shot, with a minimum of room from his guard. It is a two-hand set, seldom seen these days, which he goes off quickly and, much more important, with no hint that he is even considering shooting. Until this season, this was nearly the whole of Grim's offensive talent and it was not enough. In the game with SMU, however, he showed that he has now mastered other moves. When his guard tried to pick him up at the center line, Grim went by him like a shot—either dribbling all the way on a driving layup, or setting up a teammate by drawing another defender to him. It was precisely two such moves that won the game for Arkansas. With four minutes to go, the score was tied. SMU's Hemscher had pulled his sophomore teammates up by their bootstraps, bringing them back from 32- and 31-point deficits with superb outside shooting. At this juncture, Grim got the ball after a characteristic three-man Arkansas rebound. He brought it up, was a stride past the center line when the SMU guard decided to concede that long a shot. Grim took the concession, dipped the ball off his chest with a clean shot that just disturbed the lower fringe of the cords. Seconds later, in the identical situation, the SMU guard played Grim tight at the center line. Grim was around him and under the basket before three other SMU men could converge on him. In the remaining time, both teams scored again, Grim sinking two free throws for the final two points, but it was his squirrel-eye shooting and sudden drives that unbalanced SMU. Through all the tension of this "mutual" game for Arkansas, Glen Rose had not left the bench.

Taking Arkansas basketball out of its Southwest context, and comparing it with the nation's best has to be a matter of guesswork for which the team's losses to Kansas State and Oklahoma offer only a slight hint. It is the opinion here that any eventual Southwest Conference winner will lose its first-round NCAA game, which will likely be against Hank Iba's Oklahoma State. This is a Razorback crew of which the whole state of Arkansas may well be proud, but it is not in a class with the ranking powers. And Glen Rose, the odds are, would agree. **END**



BONNIE PRUDDEN / *Fitness*

Mother-and-daughter Act

31

Bonnie and teen-age Suzy begin a series of parent-child exercises

Today's parents are as concerned about the physical well-being of their youngsters as they are bewildered by what to do about it. Since children, like most people, are more impressed with actions than talk, a good way to ensure their getting enough physical activity is to get into the act yourself and exercise along with them. Both generations may be in for a pleasant surprise at how much fun it is to keep the family in shape. This week Bonnie and her 14-year-old daughter, Suzy, begin demonstrating a series of exercises which are ideal for a family program. When Suzy was two weeks old Bonnie started her on a fitness routine with 10 minutes of stretching exercises on the bathmat. Later the two of them crawled "like caterpillars," jumped "like kangaroos" and hopped "like rabbits." At the age of 6 Suzy was included in family hiking and rock climbing expeditions. She was permitted to get dirty climbing trees and wet falling into the water. (Too many parents prohibit children from following their natural physical bent, says Bonnie, and the result is weak muscles and a fearful child.) Today Suzy actively enjoys a dozen sports. She is strong, limber and vital, with a great zest for life and the energy with which to enjoy it. You can give your children the same gifts of fun and fitness.



Lock arms with the left shoulders together. Push against each other, gradually increasing the force. When both are in balance, hold for five seconds.



Grasp right wrists, with right feet against each other. Pull slowly. More pressure can be exerted by dragging closer to knee. Hold for five seconds.

The Comiskey Affair

The third-generation owners of the Chicago White Sox are fighting among themselves

CHUCK COMISKEY of the Chicago White Sox is quarreling with his sister Dorothy. On the grounds that a family fight is more fun than a free-for-all, here is a rundown on the situation.

First, the cast of characters: **CHARLES A. COMISKEY**. Called the Old Roman for some obscure reason. Ballplayer, manager and club owner. Founder of the White Sox and amasser of a fortune. Died in 1931.

J. LOUIS COMISKEY. Son of the Old Roman. A terribly fat man plagued by heart disease. Inherited the White Sox from his father and died just eight years later, in 1939.

GRACE COMISKEY. Widow of J. Louis. Fought the trustees of her husband's estate when they proposed to sell the White Sox. Regained for herself and her family complete control of the club. Only woman ever to be president of an American League team. Bossed the White Sox from 1941 until her death in 1956.

DOROTHY COMISKEY RIGNEY. Oldest child of Grace and J. Louis. An officer of the White Sox and a member of the board of directors since the time of her mother's ascendancy. Executrix of her mother's estate. When estate is settled, will be majority stockholder in the White Sox (38% to 47% for brother Chuck).

JOHN DUNCAN RIGNEY. Husband of Dorothy. Star White Sox pitcher just before World War II. Married Dorothy in 1941. Be-

came farm club director in 1947, vice-president in 1948.

GRACE LOU COMISKEY. Second child of Grace and J. Louis. A semi-invalid because of weight and weak heart. Died in 1952.

CHARLES A. COMISKEY II. Youngest child and only son of Grace and J. Louis. Known as Chuck. For years popularly assumed to be sole heir to White Sox. Actually, would have eventually owned only 32.2% of stock if his mother and sister Grace had survived. Now will receive 100% of his 47% on 35th birthday, in 1960. Has been vice-president and key member of Chicago front office since 1948, except for a five-month hiatus in 1952, when he quit the club in a huff.

The first thing to understand about the Comiskys is the fact that they are by all odds the oldest family in baseball. Old Charlie Comiskey had managed a major league team to a

pennant before Connie Mack played his first big league game. Clark Griffith broke into the majors as a rookie pitcher under Comiskey. The Old Roman had been a dominant figure in baseball for 31 years before Charles Stenham became president of John McGraw's New York Giants.

The second thing to understand is that the first Charles Comiskey was more than just a very early inhabitant of the world of bats and balls and paychecks. He exerted a profound influence on the game. As a player, he was the first man to follow the now obvious but then startling practice of moving away from first base to field a ground ball. He was a leader in the formation of the American League. His later feud with his onetime friend, Byron Bancroft Johnson, was a major factor in destroying the effectiveness of the then-existing National Commission, baseball's board of final appeal, and in bringing about the appointment of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. And news of the unsavory Black Sox Scandal (eight members of Comiskey's 1919 pennant winners had conspired to lose the World Series deliberately) gave Landis the opportunity to assume the near-absolute authority over baseball that he was to maintain for nearly a quarter of a century.

The Comiskys obviously have a long and historic tradition. They also have great pride, great ambition, an independent and convivial attitude, a blunt, outspoken manner of speaking, and a tendency to resort to fighting back, loudly and strongly, when rights are—actually or supposedly— infringed upon.

This tradition of the Comiskys is very real to them. After the Black Sox Scandal, the White Sox fell into the second division and remained there for the rest of the Old Roman's life. Lou Comiskey felt so keenly



OLDS SISTER Dorothy, the majority stockholder, consults Lawyer Roy Egan.



YOUNGER BROTHER Chuck, vice-president of White Sox since 1948 and de facto general manager since 1955, started court action against his sister in December.

about this that he spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in the depression-ridden 1930s to restore some measure of the old importance. And after he died, when the bank serving as trustee of his estate thought it would be prudent and desirable to sell the White Sox, Grace Comiskey felt so strongly about it that she fought a vigorous legal battle to recapture control of the club and keep it in the family.

It is possible that the tradition of the Comiskey name is at least partly responsible for the quarrel between Chuck and his sister Dorothy. After Lou Comiskey's death, young Chuck, who bore his grandfather's name but who was only one of four heirs to the club (his mother and sisters were the others), was described in the press as "the future owner-president of the White Sox" and the young man "who will inherit the White Sox on his 21st birthday."

This was grossly inaccurate, of course, but Chuck as a boy may well have assumed from all he heard and read that he would some day automatically take over control. On occasion he was quoted along these lines. ("I hope I'll be ready to take over after I've finished college. Being the president of a major league club is no job for a woman, even my mother.")

There is no evidence that his mother agreed with this, nor that his sister Dorothy, eight years his senior and an active member of the front office operation during Chuck's boyhood, was not slightly irritated by this demonstration of youthful presumption.

The popular picture of Chuck began to change after he left the College of St. Thomas and went to work in the White Sox organization in 1948. No longer was he the lucky boy who was going to inherit a ball club. Now he became in the public eye a rather fresh young rich kid, trying to act as though he knew all there was to know about baseball. This new view was as inaccurate as the old.

For instance, in 1948 he went to spring training with the White Sox and commented publicly that it was a terrible ball club. His mother pined at once from Chicago to call him down for daring to say such a thing. (But he was right. The Sox started hot, finished last and lost 101 games.)

He attended the club owners' meeting in Miami in 1950, when baseball decided not to renew Commissioner A. B. Chandler's contract. It was reported that Chuck had voted against Chandler. In Chicago his mother said angrily that Chandler should not have been fired and added

that she'd "certainly have a nice talk with Chuck about this when he gets home." (But when Chuck explained his vote—which he said he had not previously revealed to anyone—to his mother, she expressed complete approval of his action.)

In January 1952 Chuck demanded a raise and a greater measure of executive authority. When it was refused he resigned and went off to join a Texas broadcasting company. The company went out of business, and in June Chuck returned to the club. A statement authorized by his mother said, rather pointedly, "Mr. Comiskey returns under the same circumstances and conditions as existed at the time of his resignation." (But in time he received both the increased income and the increased authority.)

In 1955 he and General Manager Frank Lane had a public dispute which ended in Lane's resignation. Critics sneered that Chuck had forced Lane out so that he could take over direction of the ball club. (But Frank had forced the issue when he berated American League President Will Harridge at a ball game. He was fined \$500 by Commissioner Ford Frick and ordered to make a public apology. Chuck roused Lane's ire when he commented that Frick's action was justified. Comiskey, who hired Lane in the first place, back in the fall of 1948, claims that neither he nor anyone else on the White Sox wanted Lane to leave, but that Frank himself wanted to go in order to take another job. Lane, of course, shortly thereafter became general manager of the St. Louis Cardinals.)

Soon after Lane left, Comiskey made a major trade on his own hook. He was accused of trying blindly to imitate Lane's radical trading policies and charged with making a bad deal. (But the trade—Chris Carrasquel and Jim Busby for Larry Doby—turned out to be a very favorable one for the White Sox.)

In 1956 Comiskey was panned for firing Marty Marion and particularly for saying that Marion was wrong in describing the White Sox playing personnel as inferior. They are inferior, smiled Marion's supporters. (But Al Lopez, whom Comiskey hired in Marion's place, brought the White Sox home in second place in 1957, the highest they had finished in 37 years.)

This past winter Comiskey and Lopez and John Rigney engineered

continued



OLD HAN Charles A. Comiskey founded the White Sox at the turn of the century.



ALVIN J. LOUIS Comiskey took over club in 1931, ran it until his death in 1938.



WIDOW Grace Comiskey won court case to control White Sox after her husband died.

two more astonishing trades, sending away Minnie Minoso and Larry Doby, the two most powerful hitters on the club, in exchange for pitching and bench strength and Al Smith, once a good ballplayer but only a .347 hitter last year. Again Comiskey was accused of making trades merely for the sake of making trades, out of a lingering envy of Lane. But he insists that they are made only with an eye to improving the White Sox. This winter's trades were an out-and-out gamble. "This is the year we have to make it big," Comiskey says, "and we're gambling on pitching and fielding to do it."

It's a huge gamble, because if it falls he'll be right back in the fresh-young-kid category. He's certain it will pay off. Comiskey has a calm, unruffled confidence in his own judgment. At 32 he does not give the impression of being a brash, impetuous young man. Big, good-looking, very sure of himself, he is from all indications a very capable executive. Certainly there is no question that he is the No. 1 man on the White Sox, though he and John Rigney have equal rank. Rigney, genial and easy-going, acts as though he'd just as soon have Chuck make the decisions and issue the orders that fill an executive's everyday life. Rigney is a baseball man and, on matters relating directly to the game and the players, he and Comiskey appear to share equal authority. The brothers-in-law seem to see eye-to-eye on most things. They do not talk about Comiskey's differences with Dorothy.

Now, the question arises: If Chuck Comiskey is this sound an executive and if he and John Rigney work so smoothly together, what is the fight all about?

Principally this: there is no close relationship between Dorothy and Chuck. They don't really know each other, and they don't know how to handle each other. Dorothy, eight years older, does not want Chuck in a position where he can do what he wants with the club without her ultimate supervision. Chuck, mature, married, the father of two children, feels that he has both the traditional right and the native ability to run the club as he sees fit without being subject to what was maternal and is now sisterly discipline.

All of the court action thus far relates to control of the board of di-

rectors. Last fall the surviving members of the board (Dorothy, Chuck and Attorney Roy Egan) voted to reduce its permanent number from five to four. Under Illinois law and the 55%-to-45% stock distribution, Dorothy and Chuck could each elect two directors to a four-man board, though Dorothy could elect three to a five-man board. As executrix of her mother's estate, Dorothy controlled for the time being the voting privileges of about 55% of the stock, which could give her absolute, though temporary, control of the entire board. Chuck's court actions were designed to prevent Dorothy from voting the 77% of stock due him at 35 under his father's will and the 25% of stock due him from his mother's estate.

In December Attorney Egan declared that the procedure by which the board had been reduced from five members to four had been a "nullity" and that the number would remain at five. Chuck filed suit against this and won when the court ruled the action to reduce the board to four had been entirely valid. Final decision on control of the undistributed stock was yet to be made.

From all these suits and counter-suits came considerable personal animosity and not a little pettiness. Comiskey, who has a strong antipathy for Egan, remarked on a television newscast that there was no personal feud between his sister and himself but that she had "been a victim of bad advice," an obvious thrust at Egan. Dorothy flared up. She issued a long, angry statement that vigorously defended Egan and just as vigorously attacked Chuck, declaring among other things that he had "rule or run" ambitions.

Despite all, the ball club continued to function. And unless one side or the other decided to make it a bloody fight to the finish, a compromise was certainly indicated. One neutral observer commented that eventually the board would most likely be comprised of Dorothy, Chuck, Dorothy's husband John Rigney, and Chuck's wife Donna Jo. Dorothy would become president and chairman of the board; Chuck, executive vice-president and general manager; John, vice-president; and Donna Jo, secretary-treasurer.

Whatever the compromise, the public washing of the Comiskey lace curtains, which has thrilled Chicagoans for years, should end soon. **END**



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

The Hand of Adversity

It's an ill bird that breeds up doing good to no one. The bad bidder contributes unwittingly to the science of better play, and many a brilliant coup has been born of adversity sired by some previous atrocity in the bidding.

Few thrills compare to the experience of bringing home an "impossible" contract. Here is one such forlorn hope that appealed to me in a recent game.

North-South vulnerable
West dealer

NORTH



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
PASS	PASS	PASS	4♥
DOUBLE	PASS	1♠	4♥
PASS	PASS	DOUBLE	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: queen of clubs.

West's take-out double of one heart was one of those things. His enthusiasm might have been induced by a sudden misapprehension that he was playing Kibben's,

or even gin rummy, for either of which games his hand was well suited!

Seeking a suggestion of method in his madness, it would appear that his purpose was to find a spot in which to sacrifice against the adversaries' anticipated game contract. I do not admire his judgment, but such is the most generous interpretation I am ready to make.

South's leap to game was based partly on the merits of his hand and extensively on righteous indignation. East doubled, West led the queen of clubs, and the battle was on.

With dummy's ace of diamonds a lonesome beacon in a sea of worthless cards, it was evident that South would need to back his enthusiasm with some extremely accurate play. Fortunately there were some broad clues.

West's initial pass and his apparent lack of high cards gave evidence that his double of one heart must be based on a distributional situation. West must be short of hearts. If he has none, the situation is hopeless, since East would be bound to win two trump tricks with five to the king-10. South had to assume that West held one heart, and he saw a glimmer of hope if that singleton happened to be the 9, the 10 or the king. South therefore laid down the ace of hearts and was gratified to drop West's 9.

Now the time had come to make use of dummy's lone entry. South played to the diamond ace and returned a small trump. East played the 7 and South finessed the 8. The queen of trumps drove out the king and when South regained the lead he drew East's last trump with the jack.

By this time South had a feeling that all would be well. West had probably begun life with a 4-4-4-1 distribution, leaving East with exactly two diamonds. If only one of them had been the king. . . . South led a low diamond and discovered that it was!

Declarer lost only one diamond, one spade and one trump trick. But observe that if he had used the diamond ace to make the first trump lead from dummy, a successful finessé of the jack would still have left him with two losing hearts—one too many to bring home his "impossible" contract.

Extra trick: "A trick is a trick," as the adage has it, but its value may be doubled if you postpone winning it until you are able to make a favorable return lead.

Massa on Cold, Cold Ground

Leo Massa did not complain when he drew the last starting position in the national cross-country championships and, over 15 kilometers of wilderness, last was first

WHEN the glamour boys of the ski world—the jumpers and the downhill skiers—gather at Iron Mountain, Mich. or Aspen, Colo. you can expect spectators to turn out in the thousands. Not so for the tassel-topped cross-country skier who is lucky to have 150 on hand to see him push off on a punishing 15-kilometer race, and luckier still if half that many stick around for the finish. Cross-country skiing is just not the ideal spectator sport. The typical run is an uphill-downhill slog over rough, bone-chilling terrain, with no grandstand facilities whatsoever, and the cross-country man like it that way.

So do the small but hardy breed of true cross-country fans. Some 250 of them gathered at Rumford, Maine the other day and shivered through a snowstorm to catch glimpses of the U.S. championships run over a 15-kilometer course.

The highlight of the show was the performance of Florida-born Leo Massa, 25, currently a carpenter in Red Bank, N.J., who spent five of his pre-teen years learning cross-country skiing in his father's native Finland. Nothing Massa did at Rumford could match the spectacle of a jumper flying 250 feet through the air or of a downhill man cartwheeling through a spray of snow after a bad spill, but let nobody imagine that his run was any the less taxing.

Snow was falling hard, but preceding runners had marked a clear track for Massa. He set off rhythmically through the cold, pine stillness, a stillness broken only by the effort of his breathing and the scrap-

ing noise his skis made on the snow. Some 40 minutes out he reached the old trapper's line shack marking the halfway point. The shack also marked the beginning of the long climb which zigzagged up the mountain for two and a half miles. This stretch of the race would be a long, tiring pull, yet somehow he would have to save energy for the finish.

Massa had started last in a field of 22. The skiers, or runners as they like to call themselves, had been sent off at one-minute intervals from the schoolhouse down in the village of Rumford. By the line shack, Massa had overtaken four runners and was moving easily, effortlessly in the long, gliding stride that marks a good cross-country man.

That morning, when he drew the last starting position, Massa had been pleased. A misty rain which had been falling since dawn had formed an icy crust on the trail, and he knew that the first runners would have rougher going. Fifteen minutes before Massa's own starting time the temperature dropped 2° to just below freezing, and the rain turned to snow. Most of the skiers, including Massa's five teammates on the American Federation Internationale de Ski team (FIS) had waxed their skis with a soft klistor wax—good for an ice track. The fresh snow presented an entirely different waxing problem.

Massa hurried to the boiler room of the schoolhouse and dug into a canvas sack. He pulled out a can of red klistor wax (soft) and a can of green klistor (hard). "What do you think?"



LEO MASSA peered as the storm during the last mile to slip Miller by 52 seconds.

he asked Sven Wiik, coach of the FIS squad.

"I think we'd better mix the red and green," said Wiik. "If you use too soft a wax, this new snow is going to stick to the bottom of your skis."

While Massa burned the old wax off his skis with a blowtorch, Wiik mixed the red and green klistor. The two worked quickly to apply the new mixture to the bottoms of Massa's slender Finnish cross-country runners; then Massa went out into the snow for his start.

"It's the best we can do," said Wiik. "I hope it works."

Far out on the track, just as Massa was starting, Tauno Pulkkinen, another member of the U.S. Nordic team, pulled off the track and stopped. For the past two miles he had been pounding along the trail with two inches of ice stuck to the bottom of his skis. He had used a soft wax and had had no time to change when the snow started. The ice sticking to his skis practically eliminated any glide. He saw it was useless to continue, so

he kicked out of his bindings and sadly started the long trudge back to the schoolhouse. It was the first time the big Finn had ever had to quit in a race. He had won the national championship six times before.

When Massa was but a mile out on the course, he felt extremely tired. "I didn't have enough time to get warmed up properly before my start," he explained later, "and that first uphill climb drained me." Then he saw Pulkisen trudging back along the trail. "Pulkisen's son," he thought with excitement. He dug in his poles with new determination and got his second wind.

With each stride he leaned, arms extended, far out over the ski on which he was gliding. The balletlike motion centered the weight of his frame on one ski and enabled him to get a maximum amount of distance out of each glide—much as a championship crew would strive to get the maximum run out of its shell with each stroke.

The day before the race Massa and his five teammates went through a light morning workout and then spent the afternoon lounging lazily in the living room of the white frame house which was their headquarters in Rumford. The talk was mostly of training methods.

"We chase elk out in Colorado," said Sven Wiik, the coach. "We chased one last winter for about 30 miles until it fell exhausted up in the deep snow." He said it simply, yet there was an unmistakable pride in his tone which seemed to say that a man of the 20th century could beat a magnificent animal in a contest of endurance.

Sven Johansson, a team member from Anchorage, Alaska, nodded as he listened to Wiik. "Yes," he said. "I know. I do the same in Alaska, only I chase moose. It's a thrill to see them fall, completely spent, and you know you could have kept going for another 10 miles."

Johansson ran his fingers through his blond hair. "The Army should track cross-country," he said. "There was a plane crash up in the mountains outside Anchorage last year. It took the Army rescue team two days to get to the crash with Sno-Cats and weasels. I made it skiing cross-country in four hours."

The group all nodded in agreement with Johansson and then shook their heads at the illogical Army.

Massa, who had been quiet until then, said: "I don't get on snow until November. I can't chase elk in Red Bank, New Jersey. I bought a pair of roller skis. They're regular skis with three wheels on the bottom. I ski along the road in the late summer and fall, poles and all. People in cars see me and they almost go off the road. I just keep my head down and roll along."

"Yeah," said Pulkisen. "I know what you mean. I roller-ski in Prospect Park in Brooklyn. It's worse."

Mark Miller, who placed first among the U.S. cross-country skiers in the 1926 Olympics, laughed. "I'm glad I don't live in Brooklyn." Miller grew up in sparsely populated Colorado. "I love the mountains," he said. "I think that's what I like best about cross-country skiing. You get out there on a trail by yourself and it's kind of peaceful, yet there's a feeling of adventure that never escapes you. You never know what you're going to find along the track."

Sven Wiik said, "I know what you mean. Sometimes, even in the middle of a race, I've come upon places so beautiful that I felt I must stop to capture the moment. It is this feeling, I think, that makes a cross-country skier."

By the time Massa got to the top of the long hill he had passed two more runners. He knew now that he must be making good time and could not be too far off Mark Miller's clocking. Miller led the field at the halfway mark.

He started down the incline—it was all downhill now except for a

little incline near the finish line—when he thought of the dogs.

There were two big dogs at a farmhouse about half a mile farther, where the trail paralleled a country road. Two days ago the dogs had jumped Tams Pulkisen and the big Finn had not only lost precious seconds in his practice run, but also came close to having his snow pants chewed clear through. As Massa neared the road, his ears strained for sounds of barking. The farmhouse loomed up; still no dogs. Then he was past, and all he had to worry about was his endurance.

A mile from home Massa saw Pulkisen, who had asked out from the finish line to shout encouragement to his teammates. "You're five seconds behind Miller," Massa heard him shout, and then he was past the big Finn and heading in on the home stretch.

The last 400 yards of the race coursed down a snow-covered street at the edge of Rumford. Shouting spectators lined both sides as Massa shot home.

He was timed in one hour 18 minutes 56 seconds. He beat Miller by 58 seconds.

"When Pulkisen told me I was only five seconds behind, with a mile to go," he explained over hot tea, "I knew I had to pour it on. I did."

Coach Wiik was pleased with the results, no doubt looking ahead to the world championships in Lahti, Finland, March 1-9. "Maybe we don't win over there against the Russians, the Finns, the Norwegians and the rest," he said, "but we'll do better than ever before."



MARK MILLER came flying out of the place at the halfway mark leading the field by almost a minute, but he could not match Massa's burst of speed in the home stretch.

Kramer, who went to work as a call boy on the Salt Lake Railroad when he was 12, never had a boyhood of his own. He wanted to enjoy one vicariously through his son.

When he was 10 Jack broke his nose tackling an opponent in sandlot football. He was good at all sports from marbles up. "I wanted him to be a major league baseball player," says Dave Kramer now. "I had always dreamed of being one myself."

But when the boy was 13 the Kramers moved to San Bernardino, Calif., and Jack discovered tennis. (Dave Kramer brought the rackets and played the first game with him.) He was a boy prodigy at tennis, but there was little competition in San Bernardino. To give their boy every advantage the Kramers moved to Montebello on the eastern edge of Los Angeles. The boy was now near the heart of the southern California tennis country, where bumper crops of promising young players grew and ripened in the sun. Jack had the reflexes of an electronic calculator. He had power. He loved tennis. Soon he was brought to the attention of Perry Jones of the Southern California Tennis Association, the same Perry Jones who at 88 was made captain last week of the U.S. Davis Cup team. The processing of the young player began. Dave Kramer's boy had his foot on the ladder now, and it was a long ladder; it rose high.

Kramer won the national boys' championship at 15. At 18 he was named to the Davis Cup team. (He played doubles with Joe Hunt, and they lost.) At 19 he and a friend, Ted Schroeder, won the national doubles.

There was some schooling mixed in with the tennis, though not much. Jack never liked studying and avoided it most of the time. He was voted Most Popular Boy in Montebello High School and turned down a chance to be president of the student body because the position had nothing to do with tennis. As a college student he managed one semester at the University of Southern California and one at Rollins College in Florida, then gave it up or was given up by the deans.

Kramer's famous "hard luck" period began before he entered military service and continued after he got out. Appendicitis kept him out of the nationals in 1942, stomach polyp-

ing cut him down in the midst of them in 1943. He spent 1944 and 1945 in the Coast Guard. At Wimbledon in June 1946 he developed blisters but played anyway, wearing bandages and a glove. Jaroslav Drobny eliminated him in the fourth round. For years he was probably the best amateur tennis player in the world, and luck denied him every good chance to prove it.

The young man on night watch in the Pacific, gazing at the moonlit sea and planning his postwar life, is a classic figure of World War II. Of all the young men who did it, in fiction or in fact, perhaps none saw his future work out more precisely to specifications than Lieutenant (j.g.) John Kramer. "I sat out there on that old LST," he says now, "and I did some serious thinking. No more gambling, no more staying up late, no drinking. I was rusty. I hadn't had a racket in my hand for years. I decided to go all out for just a few major tournaments in 1946 and let the rest go. And it all worked out like a dream."

The postwar world—prosperous, restless, lashed together by air routes and communications networks—turned out to be made to Kramer's order. There were things to be done. With Wimbledon's blisters cured, Kramer won the 1946 nationals and the Pacific Southwest tournament and played singles and doubles on the Davis Cup team which swept the series

in Melbourne 5-0. Then he was ready for 1947.

In March, 1947 he defeated Bob Falkenburg to win the singles final of the national indoor championship, then teamed with Falkenburg to win the doubles.

In July, taking 70 pounds of frozen steak with him to short-rationsed England, he won the Wimbledon singles and he and Falkenburg the doubles. In August he and Ted Schroeder won the national doubles at Besekline, Mass.

On September 1 he and Schroeder won their singles matches in Davis Cup play at Forest Hills.

On September 14 he lost two sets to Frank Parker, then went on to win the national singles championship.

On September 28 he defeated his longtime friend and doubles partner Ted Schroeder in the final of the Pacific Southwest tournament.

And in November, equipped with nearly all the prestige that amateur tennis can load on a player, he turned professional.

The promoter then was Jack Harris of Chicago and the pro champion was Bobby Riggs. "That good-looking kid, that all-American boy," said Harris not long ago from retirement, remembering his days with Kramer. "A wonderful talent. But once he discovered money, he never stopped being hungry."

The first big money was the \$50,000 that Harris guaranteed him for



THE PROMOTER'S FIRST RAND. Mr. and Mrs. David C. Kramer, were son's guests at Madison Square Garden. Mr. Kramer is an engineer with the Union Pacific Railroad.

the tour. As it turned out, the Riggs-Kramer matches drew as well that Kramer collected \$37,600 more than his guarantee. He also won the tour, 62 matches to 20, and took over the professional championship for himself.

In the years after Kramer became champion the promoter's job changed hands like a beach bag. With many a disagreement and charge of bad faith, it went from Jack Harris to Bobby Riggs to Jack Kramer. By 1953 Kramer held all the cards: he was promoter, he was champion, he had signed the Australian Davis Cup star Frank Sedgman to tour against him. Holding those cards, he asked in a nice pet. The Kramer-Sedgman tour grossed \$334,000, setting a record that even this year's tour will not surpass.

But this year's attraction will fall short only because it won't involve as many matches. The collision of Lew Hoad with Pancho Gonzales has about as much excitement as a tennis match can offer. At last Gonzales faces power equal to his own, a serve just as big, determination as strong. Besides the sheer quality of the tennis, there are extras in the form of other conflicts—Australia vs. the U.S., youth vs. age, Kramer's Hope vs. Kramer's Headache.

Who will win? A good case can be made either way. Kramer has written some strong incentives directly into Hoad's contract. Hoad gets 25% of the World Tennis, Inc. take and Gonzales gets only 20%. But on the nights Hoad wins, he gets 30%, while Gonzales, win or lose, gets 20%. If Hoad takes the championship from Gonzales he will receive a \$10,000 bonus, considerably spread out over two years to ease the tax burden. If Gonzales keeps the championship he will get the satisfaction of having done so, but no extra cash. These arrangements were designed as a carrot for Lew, of course, but they serve as a goad to Pancho, too.

Hoad's youth and the overfulness of his contract can work against him as well as for him. He is a silently good-humored fellow who likes to sleep, and soak up a few beers, and blink happily as he listens to jazz. The future is long and bright, and win or lose he is going to make an impressive pile of money this year. Part of the momentum he built up against Gonzales in the early matches came from the humiliating defeats he suffered last summer as a brand-new pro. Recent events have mouthed that old pain considerably,

and now the easy-going Lew may be tempted to go easy once in a while. When he does, Gonzales will be waiting.

At least Gonzales had better be. For if Lew Hoad has his face to the future, Pancho Gonzales has his back to the wall. He is not finished as a tennis player, of course, just because he is 29. Segura is still one of the world's best at 36. But losing his championship would drop him almost out of sight, and Gonzales knows oblivion from having been there. Kramer beat him badly in the pro tour of 1949, when Gonzales was 21, and for years thereafter he was virtually unemployed. He spent the time maturing into the world's best tennis player. When Kramer, at length, was obliged to recognize this fact and sign Gonzales to tour against Tony Trabert in 1955, his guarantee to Trabert was \$75,000, to Gonzales \$15,000.

It is subtle touches like that which have kept the old feud alive, down to the present. Lew Hoad is a superb tennis player in his own right, but in some ways he is only a proxy. The real battle is between Kramer and the proud and stubborn Gonzales.

Kramer has given Hoad a special course in Gonzales' weaknesses, and even the press releases sent out by World Tennis, Inc. appear to add their bit of psychological warfare: "The champion who has had a strangle-hold on professional tennis since 1954 seems to have lost his grip completely. . . . [Gonzales] is experiencing a new sensation, worry verging on panic. . . . The records of pro tennis show that once you get behind you stay there."

Yet people find it hard to believe that the great Gonzales is through. If he is, of course, they want to be on hand to watch the Titanic sink. Disaster, like triumph, is box office. Either way it is going to be a good year for World Tennis, Inc.

INVENE wanted to be anything but a tennis promoter," says Jack Kramer. Years ago, when he was threatened by the first touch of arthritis, he looked at a new nontennis job and drew back, appalled, at what the best of them would pay—\$10,000. "I was spoiled rotten," he explains. "I thought something at \$40,000 would be about right to start with." So he stayed with tennis, and it paid. He is planning a house overlooking the golf course in the movie-star sub-

urb of Bel Air, in Los Angeles. It will have a swimming pool and lots of room for the five Kramer boys. Jack Kramer and Gloria Spangenberg were married in 1944. The boys range from David, 11, through John, Bobby and Michael to Ronald, 2.

Like nearly all first-rate athletes, Kramer is endlessly patient and gentle with children. There are months at a stretch when he doesn't see his own at all. "But," he says, "when I am there, I make up for it. I leave late and come home early. I figure I have as much time with my kids, all told, as the guy who spends every day at the office."

It is not likely that Kramer will ever spend a whole day in an office. He is restless; he paces floors. As he talks to people his blue eyes keep moving, noting the arrival of someone important at the door, a private conversation going on in a corner, an athlete ordering up his second Martini at the bar. ("You can measure your importance to Kramer," says one acquaintance sourly, "by the amount of undivided attention he is willing to give you.") Striding through an air terminal, with a bundle of tennis rackets under one arm and two extra suits flapping on wire hangers over his shoulder, doing business as he goes, Kramer appears happily at home.

The brand-new regime that has taken over U.S. amateur tennis seems to favor open tournaments—that is, tournaments in which the amateurs meet the professionals, as they do in golf. If they come, opens will bring enormous changes to both the amateurs and the pros. "Opens will kill the tour," says Kramer. Even if they didn't they would inevitably lessen the power of the professional tennis promoter and change the nature of his job. Jack Kramer, freewheeling his way through world tennis, reaping a green harvest in the rich post-war years, may turn out to have been the only one of his kind.

He genuinely loves tennis, and is the first to say gracefully that tennis has been good to him. He is modest about his achievements. "Anybody with a little gamble in him could have done it," he says. It took a little gamble, all right, but it also took a little shrewdness, a lot of energy, a blue-ribbon tennis background, the help of influential people and a certain amount of luck. In every department Jack Kramer had all he needed and more. **END**

FIRST OF TWO PARTS: SPORTS IN JAPAN. In the dozen-odd years since the end of World War II, Western sports have become almost a way of life for the Japanese. Actually, this all began many years ago with:



The Bouncing Ball

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

Photographs by John Loomis

NO LESS than 11 Gassy newspapers devoted to sports—one with a circulation of over 400,000—are published in Japan today. These papers were never gobbled up faster than they were the last week of October 1967, when Japan's well-known passion for sports reached what was probably its most fevered pitch in a quarter of a century, the previous high having occurred in 1932 when the nation's swimming stars carried off five of the six big races in the Olympic Games at Los Angeles. The commotion last October was caused by two major events which took place simultaneously. The first of these was the Canada Cup golf match in which, as you may remember, Tarakichi (Pete) Nakamura emerged as what might be called the "Frasier Guinnet of Japanese golf." Nakamura won the individual competition by seven full shots from players of the caliber of Stenud and Demaree, and he combined with his partner, Kaichi Ono, to capture the team competition in which 30 nations were represented by

two top players each. Before the four-day 72-hole stroke-play tournament began, the average Japanese sports fan was hopeful that Nakamura and Ono might finish among the first 10 teams. When Nakamura's second round of 58 moved the home boys in front, and when they proceeded to hang onto this lead over the last two rounds, it really was more than a little like Brookline in 1913 when neo-to golf Americans came out to The Country Club to watch Vardos and Ray work their wonders and, once on the scene, were both flabbergasted and enraptured when the home-grown boy, who they hoped would not give too peer an account of himself, cleanly outplayed the masters from across the ocean to the east.

The second October event, the Japan Series, their World Series, was only of national importance, and one had to be in Japan—as was that fortunate group of us who had come over for the golf—to realize that it marked the dramatic end of an era. The Japan Series, like our a best-

four-of-seven affair, had barely started when it was all over. The Tokyo Giants, the Yankees of Japanese baseball, were unceremoniously knocked off in four straight games by the Nishitetsu Lions, a hustling young club from the island of Kyushu. In Tokyo, this humiliation of the home heroes was suffered through by millions of glam-faced fans congregated around TV sets in factories, offices, stores, bars, restaurants, shopping arcades and cafés. I had hardly expected Japanese television to be in the same class with ours, and its quality so surprised me that I may be guilty of extravagance in thinking (which indeed I did) that they get a clearer and more defined picture than we do.

When one is visiting a foreign country, particularly a land like Japan where the unexpected similarities to the West are at least as striking as the spectacular Oriental qualities, in a single week one naturally bumps into as many brief but eloquent

(not mentioned on page 22)





KAWANA's two exciting 18-hole courses rank among the most scenic in the world. Perched atop beautiful Japanese pines and perched at the edge of sharp ocean cliffs, they are invariably compared with Pebble Beach and Cypress Point, our two most grandly spectacular seaside courses.



The Bouncing Ball

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Incidents as one does in one's home park in six months. I would like to relate two of the many which occurred that last week in October, for I think they will serve as portals to an understanding of some of the ways in which the Japanese infatuation with sports expresses itself.

First, there was the pleasant talk I had with Mr. Sotaro Suzuki, a director of the vanquished Tokyo Giants, the day after his club had lost its fourth straight playoff game and the series. Compared to our current prototype of baseball executive, Mr. Suzuki is a mild, unflamboyant fellow. This may be because he has been around baseball longer than most of our shoguns. He got into the game in 1929. In that year, poor health forced him to leave Waseda University, and his father sent him to the States to study economics. In New York, young Mr. Suzuki fell in with bad company—New York Giant fans. He became a close friend of John McGraw, he got to know Connie Mack and the game's other major personalities. When he returned to Japan, he was the Japanese baseball expert.

It was Suzuki who sold Matsutaro Shoriki, the dynamic owner-publisher of the *Yomiuri Shimbun* newspaper, on the idea of sponsoring in 1931 a postseason barnstorming tour in Japan of two teams made up of our top major league stars. Aside from doubling *Yomiuri's* circulation, the colossal success of this tour gave professional baseball in Japan the impetus that led, successively, to further postseason tours by Ruth and other Occidental legends, the formation of the Tokyo Giants as Japan's first pro team, the founding in 1936 of a professional Japanese league and, in 1949, of a second major league. Instrumental in every stage of the development of the game, Mr. Suzuki, who is now as bald as Benny Bengough, is frequently referred to as The Father of Japanese Baseball. Being a modest man and, moreover, an experienced man who has spent a lot of time in the States, it is his habit to disavow any claim to this title with an easy wave of his hand and to suggest that it properly belongs to his boss, Mr. Shoriki.

During our conversation, Mr. Suzuki reminisced about the many American stars who had come to Ja-

pan (including such half-forgotten stalwarts as Clint Brown, Larry French and Willie Kamm), and described in detail the attributes of the four or five Japanese major leaguers who he believes could possibly make the grade in our majors. There is nothing antique or quaintly heroic about the way Mr. Suzuki talks baseball. "Inao has a pretty good curve and lots of poise," "Nashima is one of our few natural power hitters," "Toyoda is a sound all-round ball-player," he will say. With Mr. Suzuki it is always ballplayer, never baseball player.

"Well," he said, as he stood up to



NO. 1 GOLFER, Premier Kishi plays with the set of clubs Eisenhower gave him.

leave, "now back to work. This morning we had a meeting of the directors of our ball club, a long meeting. You can't lose four straight and stand still. I'm afraid most of our old Giant stars are past their peak and good young players are hard to find." He paused a moment and a long assessing look came into his eyes. "There's no use kidding ourselves," he resumed. "We have a tremendous rebuilding job in front of us."

I thought I'd never left home.

A few days earlier—this is the second incident, one which I think illustrates another phase of the picture, the variations the Japanese introduce in their approach to our sports—I had dinner with an old friend, Charlie Tuttle, a fellow from Vermont who

went through Harvard practically unscathed. I got to know Charlie when we were both stationed in Tokyo during the grim period of the occupation. He stayed on after his tour of duty was over, opened his own publishing house and married a charming Japanese girl. On the evening I refer to, with dinner behind us, the Tuttles were showing me through the Ginza district, the heart of Tokyo's teeming night life.

The Ginza is an incredible place—a grid of narrow lanes, each of them packed shoulder to shoulder on both sides with bistros, cabarets, supper clubs, penny arcades, beer joints, coffee shops and dance halls, many of these structures so advanced in design and decor as to give the Ginza something of the feeling of a world fair, all of them featuring eye-popping neon and electric signs and some very watchable girls to match. We turned a corner out of one of these fluorescent lanes into a somewhat wider and quieter avenue. Across the street, according to the comparatively hushed sign in front, stood the Fairway Café.

THE café, it turned out, was situated on the second floor. The room below it was literally on the ground floor, there being no board flooring. Some of the earth had been shoveled up and packed into four small tons, and on them four golfers, shirt-sleeved and wearing that look of total disengagement from all outside life which is common to the dedicated, were whanging golf balls off mats into canvas-backed netting hung against the opposite wall. In this narrow arena the netting was set so close to the tons that the player's clubhead swept within two yards of the nets on his follow-through: the thud of the ball against the canvas occurred practically at the same moment as the click of contact. None of the entranced practitioners seemed to be the least disconcerted by this, however. Returning to the front of the shop, the Tuttles and I helied a few Japanese-made clubs—they are lighter than ours, the shafts are whiplike and the faces of the woods have more loft—and leafed through a few of the many American books on technique which have come out in translation to slake the nation's burning thirst for golf.

To Charlie Tuttle's knowledge, the Fairway Café is the only enclosed practice ground in Tokyo, but driving nets have been set up on the roofs

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continued

of at least five downtown office buildings. Furthermore, in and around Tokyo no less than 32 outdoor driving ranges are now flourishing, and on one public course (where Nakamura, incidentally, is the pro) nine holes are illuminated for play at night. The victory of the Japanese team in the Canada Cup naturally upped this already formidable emberance for golf a few more notches. Perhaps it was inevitable that, within a week of the event, copies of a pirated Japanese edition of Ben Hogan's *The Modern Fundamentals of Golf* began to appear in some book stores.

A third incident comes to mind as I write. It has nothing directly to do with sports but it probably would be well to include it in these predatory remarks, for its theme moves potently if it invisibly behind any thoughts on Japan. It took place at the Kasumigasaki Golf Club on the second day of the Canada Cup matches. Nakamura and Oso were paired with Sneed and Demaret that day and, as was to be expected, this foursome attracted just about all of the spectators and the full corps of sportswriters. About 30 Japanese reporters were on hand, among them one Shorge Ohashi, a thick-set, 40ish fellow who covers for *Asahi*. Ohashi ("I am really a Japanese-Irishman") has a most pleasant sense of humor and speaks English fluently. He was a wonderfully agreeable companion to walk and talk with. On the 17th hole—we had gotten to feel quite at home with each other by this time—Shorge spotted a friend of his in the gallery, a Maryknoll missionary, and the two men were deep in a lively conversation.

"They're regret fellows, those Maryknoll priests," Ohashi said when he caught up with me farther down the fairway. "I got to know them during the war when my outfit was fighting in China. They were very kind to us and we became good friends. They were short of food and we gave them whatever rations we could spare. We were very happy to. Do you know China?"

I told Shorge that I had been stationed there during the war.

"Whereabouts?" he asked.

"Kumming and Nanyang mostly," I said.

"Nanyang?" Shorge exclaimed.

"Why, we were within 70 miles of each other!"

For a moment we stood wordlessly, our minds full of thought. Then we walked quickly up the fairway because Nakamura had a difficult shot to play and we wanted to be up close.

Since the conclusion of World War II, the peoples and governments of the United States and Japan have gone about building a new friendship with a genuineness of purpose and a spirit almost unique in the long history of nations and wars. However, there was a war and it ended less than 13 years ago, and that is still much too short a time for human beings to have forgotten it.

THE four islands of Japan—Honshu, the main island; Hokkaido, to the north of Honshu; Kyushu, which lies to its south; and small Shikoku tucked in between Honshu and Kyushu—have a total square mileage a little smaller than California. Volcanic in origin, a sizable portion of this land—32% or so—is not arable or livable. Since the beginning of history, the people have clustered in the pockets of the hills and mountains and in the two main coastal plains, the Kansai (around Osaka, traditionally the great business city) and the Kanto (around Tokyo, traditionally the seat of the ruling power).

Whatever aspect of Japan you are looking at, there are two significant points to keep in mind, for there is nothing they do not affect. First, Japan has always been densely populated. Today, over 90 million live on the four islands (18 million live in California). And second, it is only 193 years since this island group, hermetically sealed off from the rest of the world and slumbering a long uninterrupted feudal sleep, was forcibly roused by Commodore Perry to face the complicated problems of the modern world.

Now here's a puzzlement—one of the many. How did this nation, in several ways the apogee of the Oriental, produce in so brief a time a "baseball advisor" like Mr. Suzuki, a Fairway Café, and become, in short, such a hotbed of Western sport? By all logical rules of measure, the role of a country like Japan in the world of "modern sport" should be minor, tangential. You would expect one or two top-notch swimmers to be developed, an occasional serious contender in the Olympic hop-step-and-jump competition (or some such out-of-the-way event), a few indelible marathoners, a respectable but limited De-

vis Cup team, and maybe every now and then some individual star popping up in some very individual specialty like ice skating, flyweight boxing, billiards or the parallel bars. Instead, among the "comparatively small nations of the world"—so goes a standard bit of locker-room pandery—the three which are head and shoulders above the rest are Japan, Australia and Hungary. (The word small, of course, is quite inexact and applies properly only to Hungary, large neither in size nor population. Australia is small in population only, 9½ million inhabiting the continent. When people refer to Japan as small—in population it is the world's fifth largest country—what they actually have in mind is that one would hardly expect any non-Western country's role in modern sport to be more than minor.)

Hungary a big sports nation? Not surprising, really. After all, it is at the junction where eastern Europe meets western Europe, and a long sporting history lies behind its people's dashing performances in middle-distance running, field sports, soccer, water polo and Rugby. Australia? Of course. A natural. A lusty young nation, with blessed few other directions in which to channel its extra energies, poured them into the pastimes it inherited from its British antecedents—tennis, cricket, track and field, golf, horse racing—and into sports like swimming and boating and Australian football, which suited the rough and ready character of a new land and a new people.

But Japan? How come? From this vial of the meditative drinking-in of the fragile beauty of the cherry blossoms, the uncharacteristic pink of the well-tempered samurai, the mannered ease of the kimono; from this plexus of the geisha tending her fan, the working girl her silkworms, the samurai his sword and the farmer his *likiputian* rice paddy, how come that group of record-breaking swimmers who wrested away our domination of that sport in the '30s, and how come all these Class AA baseball players, the best track men in Asia, the reigning table tennis champions of the world, an Olympic skating champion, an outstanding skier (Chick Igaaya) and now golfers of proved international caliber?

This is only half the riddle. What is truly astonishing is not the champions Japan has produced but the widespread participation in Western



A ROW FOR BASEBALL. traditional ritual before the game, is performed by grammar school teams. This quiet custom, repeated at game's end, is dying out among pros.

sports by people of all ages, the deep love of sport which nourishes all this activity. For example, it has long been the accepted thing to acknowledge in a marvelling tone that the Japanese like baseball almost as much as we do. This statement is incorrect. The Japanese like baseball better than we do. No one ever gets enough of it. Their high schools and colleges play not one baseball season but two, the regular one in spring and a second in autumn. Thousands travel miles to Osaka for the All-Japan High School Championship. Over 45,000 annually turn out for The Game between Keio and Waseda, two of the oldest and liveliest colleges; it is precisely the equivalent of the Harvard-Yale game, only it is baseball not football. The large industrial firms, taking a page from our book, sponsor baseball teams, corraling the best talent that isn't headed into the professional leagues and assigning the young men phony jobs in their public relations department to give them something to occupy their time between games. Last summer, unnoticed by most of us, the nonprofessional (meaning semipro) baseball championship of the world, held at Detroit, was captured by the Kumagai Construction Co.'s team. Kumagai earned the right to represent Japan by winning the pennant in its regional league and then going on to defeat the five other regional champions in the annual elimination tourney at Korakuen Stadium in Tokyo.

As for major league baseball in Japan, as good an index as any of its vitality was the recent payment of

30 million yen, or \$55,000, by the rebuilding Tokyo Giants to procure the services of a standout college star. That is a lot of money—in Japan \$85,000 would have a purchasing power perhaps three or four times as great as in the U.S., for though commodities are high, services are still very inexpensive. In this general connection, the half dozen or so top Japanese players who might conceivably make the grade in our majors are not interested in trying because of the financial loss that would be entailed. Say that Yasumitsu Toyoda, the splendid young shortstop of the Nishitetsu Lions, went to an American team's spring training camp and caught on (a la Willie Miranda) as a utility man, if not a regular. He might draw \$9,000, or some figure in that neighborhood. Back home he gets quite a few thousand dollars more than that to begin with, and it goes three or four times as far. In addition to enormous stature, he has a car, a fine home, one or two servants and, all in all, a much better life than he would have here as just another good ballplayer.

Perhaps the most eloquent comment on the Japanese adoration of baseball is provided by a sound one hears wherever one travels in Japan: the light smack of ball meeting glove. In the cities you can always tell when it is noon without consulting your watch. Your ear tells you. At 12 sharp that distinctive smack of ball and glove starts to emanate from a nearby gas station, a shipping yard, a loading area. Lunch hour has arrived and the boys are out. This happens

every day, this game of catch—betwixt the Japanese call it—and it goes on not only during the lunch hour but, to a lesser degree, during all free daylight hours. If the renowned artist, Hiroshige, were alive today and developing his celebrated project, views of the 58 different stop-over stations on the seacoast highway between Osaka and Tokyo, one can well imagine that in his background figures of boys and men tossing the baseball would appear almost with the regularity of Fuji.

THE answer to the riddle of Japan (and what seems to a Western visitor to be a fascinating split-level culture) lies, of course, in learning more about this unusual people. They are decidedly different in many ways from the oversimplified stock conception we have dealt in for years. To my mind, the best introduction to a more correct view is contained in one sentence in a report written in 1814 by the representatives of the British East India Company who had been dispatched on a trade mission to Nagasaki by Sir Stamford Raffles, the English governor of Java: "The Japanese," so went this clear-eyed sentence, "are a nervous, vigorous people whose bodily and mental powers assimilate much nearer to those of Europe than what is attributed to Asiatics in general."

This mission of the British East India Company was not successful. The Japanese did not want to do business. It was an old story. In 1638 Japan had embarked—or disembarked; that is more in the spirit of what happened—on a course of fantastic isolation. No Japanese was permitted to leave the islands, and contact with the outside world was limited to set dealings with the trade missions the Chinese and Dutch were allowed to maintain, the Chinese in Nagasaki, the Dutch on the island of Deshima, a spot of land off Nagasaki only 234 paces long by 82 paces wide. This "closed-door" policy had been decreed by the Tokugawa, the ruling shogunate. It was, in essence, a reaction to the troubles which had befallen Japan near the end of the 16th century, largely as a result of the activities of Christian missionaries. The various missionary orders fought among themselves, which brought some disruption; head-on collisions between the missionaries and the long-entrenched Buddhist priests

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brought more. But more serious than these conflicts, in the Japanese view, was the problem of coexistence, since it embodied the idea of a person's having a loyalty to something outside the borders of Japan. By expelling all foreigners from their land—at this time Japan was still a hodgepodge of feudal states ruled by military clans—the Tokugawa, the mightiest of the clans, hoped to prevent such divisions of loyalty, perpetuate peace (their peace) and ensure the succession of their family line.

From time to time some scraps of knowledge about the West slipped through the closed door via Doshima. Outstanding Dutch scholars in all branches of the arts and sciences were periodically stationed at the trading station, and individual Japanese who wanted to keep abreast of the world hid themselves to Doshima and received instruction in natural history, languages, medicine, agriculture and astronomy. From their Dutch teachers they learned of such epochal events as the exploration of the new world, the American and French revolutions, and the defeat of Napoleon. Save for this small body of the intellectually curious, however, the Japanese continued to view the foreigner as a potential molester and exploiter.

Consequently, consternation seized the country when Commodore Perry steamed into Tokyo Bay in 1853 with four gunboats and the conspicuous intention not to take no for an answer to President Fillmore's request that Japan enter into trade relations with the United States, make coaling stations available to our ships and take care of shipwrecked American sailors.

The Tokugawa shogun tried to stall off negotiations with Perry, but when the commodore returned to Tokyo Bay the following year with 16 gunboats, he capitulated to the American demands. Two ports, Hakodate on Hokkaido and Shimoda on Honshu (and later a third port in Kyushu) were opened to United States vessels. In 1856 Townsend Harris (whose career, incidentally, has recently been made into a motion picture by John Huston) arrived at Shimoda, 40 miles below Yokohama, to open the first American consulate.

The dike was breached, and now that it was, other nations wanted to

trade with Japan. The hopelessness of stemming this influx became increasingly apparent to the Japanese. While the samurai (the privileged warrior class) advocated using force to expel the foreigners, the majority of the more responsible officials saw the folly of such myopic bravado and the benefits that might accrue to their country with the resumption of international relations—that is, as long as Japan's integrity as a nation was not shamed. Reluctantly bowing to reality, the Tokugawa shogun stepped down and, in effect, turned his powers over to the emperor.

From the 12th century on, the imperial house had been deep in the shadow of the military rulers, so deep, in fact, that Townsend Harris had been in Japan for several months be-

fore he even learned of the existence

of an emperor. Traditionally, however, the imperial house had handled all Japanese external relations and, more to the point, it was felt that being represented by its emperor would be Japan's best insurance of being treated with proper respect by the outside nations. In 1867 the occasion was finally right for the big step. The old emperor died and was succeeded by his 16-year-old son, Meiji. Certain of the more powerful feudal class rallied behind him. This new leadership brought the others into line, and, to make real their support, the clans returned their ancient feudal rights and hereditary lands to the young emperor and encouraged him



GRAINFIELD VOLLEYBALL is played by a Japanese family during the noon-hour break. Along with baseball, volleyball is played wherever space permits in crowded Japan.

here he even learned of the existence of an emperor. Traditionally, however, the imperial house had handled all Japanese external relations and, more to the point, it was felt that being represented by its emperor would be Japan's best insurance of being treated with proper respect by the outside nations. In 1867 the occasion was finally right for the big step. The old emperor died and was succeeded by his 16-year-old son, Meiji. Certain of the more powerful feudal class rallied behind him. This new leadership brought the others into line, and, to make real their support, the clans returned their ancient feudal rights and hereditary lands to the young emperor and encouraged him

to rule in actuality as well as in name.

There is no need to go into detail—and we shall not—on the dizzying speed with which Japan fledged itself into a modern nation. But there is one period of this transformation which cannot be by-passed. I am thinking of the first two decades of the Meiji restoration, when the capable young emperor dispatched his country's most promising young men and women to the best European and American universities and to the world's other recognized centers of knowledge, there to absorb and bring back the best of Western thought and technique. To expedite this program, outstanding men in all fields of activity were invited to Japan, to instruct and organize. From this vast amount of new information, the leaders of Japan, very much like men compiling

when Perry arrived, four-fifths of the population were farmers anchored back in the Middle Ages and where, as Historian Marion May Dittis has expressed it so well, the main excitement in village life "was afforded by the eagerly anticipated first night-ride to return in spring, and evening's gossip in the light of a full moon, the festivals of local shrines and temples or occasional wandering acrobats and storytellers."

Sports were a little different. Dutch instructors were invited to set up a course of gymnastics for the middle schools, but as far as games went, the usual pattern of planned overseas study and domestic digestion did not obtain. No one was sent to Boston to learn from A. G. Spalding how he gripped his curve ball; no one headed for St. Andrews to record old Tom Morris' true-tempered tips or creak play; no one took a room in New Haven the better to be close to Walter Camp, or rented a flat near Wimbledon to study how peerless Lottie Dod executed the backhand lob. Western sports just added into Japan. On one hand, young Japanese who had studied or worked abroad brought back the games with them, and on the other, teachers and businessmen and consular employees from America and Europe brought their games over with them for their own pleasure.

Baseball, for example, caught on the way all things catch on: beginning in the 1870s, the members of the American colony in Tokyo found a field where they could play baseball on their days off, the Japanese watched them, they liked what they saw and they began playing ball, too. Americans coached them. By the early 1890s, Japanese schools were organizing their own teams, and by 1940—as early as that—Waseda University sent its ball club to the United States to play our colleges. Today, as we know, Japan supports 13 major league clubs and there is hardly a schoolboy who cannot give you the regular lineups of such gloriously named teams as the Nagoya Dragons, the Tokyo Swallows, the Hiroshima Carps and the Kawasaki Whales.

Of the countless manners and measures the Japanese adopted in the nation's furious rush to leap into the late 19th century in one giant running broad jump, some of these they understood in part, others they understood not at all; some they half liked, others they really didn't care for but

perpetrated with because these things were "Western," i.e., modern and, so, desirable. Sports were the big exception. The Japanese really understood them and loved them instinctively. Why did they take to sports? And why with such a passion? Perhaps our brief glance at the nation's history has provided more than a clue, and the remainder of the answer is the old story of causes and effects operating on many planes. What follows is a quick compendium of the ideas on this subject advanced by scholars and laymen, both Japanese and American, with whom I've talked during my two visits to Japan and here at home.

To begin with, as the Raffen mission noted, the Japanese are a vigorous people. Up to a point, their vigor stems from the usual reasons. They live in a North Temperate climate. The crusty terrain of their islands yields only to hard labor, and then not generously. Additionally, the feudal character of the country seemingly placed great emphasis on military and physical prowess. Whereas a young Chinese growing up in that ancient and sophisticated civilization esteemed the scholar the flower of his culture and hoped he, too, might some day grow a scholar's long fingernails and mark himself as a man of thought, a young Japanese was frequently visited with much shorter-nailed dreams of glory. His ideal was a leader who indeed had a strong spiritual fiber but who was also a man of action equal to the demands of any physical engagement. One very primary reason, then, why the Japanese took so avidly to Western sports (and were so good at them) was this fondness for the physical, which in feudal times expressed itself in such warlike games as jūdo, *kenrō* (a lethal relative of boxing), *jūjutsu* (archery on horseback) and *kenjū* (dueling with bamboo staves).

In addition to their straight vigor, the Japanese possess a second kind of vitality, a most un-Eastern nervous energy, a real Vanderbilt Avenue brand of drive which has long differentiated the Japanese from the Korean (from which stock he is descended) and from the Chinese, both of whom are energetic but not in this second or compulsive way. This national trait derives from Japan's being an island country in which isolation bred a highly complicated sense of uniqueness. "In premodern times," Professor Edwin O. Reischauer writes in his superb and superbly readable book,

The United States and Japan, "no other important group of people consciously participating in the rich culture of the Eurasian land mass lived so far removed from all the other civilized peoples. The straits between Japan and Korea are five times as wide as the Straits of Dover, which have had a significant influence in shaping England's history and the character of her people. The distances between Japan and China, the homeland of her civilization, is even greater." Because of this marked isolation, Professor Reischauer continues, the Japanese early developed a self-consciousness which, among other things, contains "a large degree of embarrassment and the fear of inferiority," an attitude "strengthened by the painfully obvious contrast throughout most of their history between small, backward and remote Japan as opposed to China, the admitted home of civilization, which was far larger, far older and far grander than Japan could ever hope to be." This intense awareness of a separate identity, as Professor Reischauer points out, led to the early rise of Japanese nationalism, and it explains in a very considerable measure the historic (and continuing) Japanese need not to be depreciated by larger outside nations, to show the world how well they do things—in brief, to excel and be admired. Excelling at the sports the Western peoples set such conspicuous store by has long been one of the routes the Japanese have taken in their chronic quest for this respect. Like Europeans and Americans, they drive to stand out.

This pent-up, vigorous people—only the Germans, who have yet to discover the coffee break, are more industrious—have traditionally lived in small, crowded villages and in small, crowded dwellings. After World War II a few apartment houses, the logical amelioration to the eternal housing problem, were built for the first time, but the Japanese did not rush to occupy them; they far preferred the old way in which each family (sometimes inflected with in-laws and other relatives) lives in its own one-story wooden structure: the familiar, fragile Japanese house with rice-straw matting on the floor, rice-paper windows, sliding walls and interior sliding partitions. Exceedingly gifted in domestic matters, the Japanese have long done wonders in making their small homes livable. My

continued

The Bouncing Ball

continued

sliding the interior partitions out of the way, they combine two or more tiny rooms into one fairly commodious room for group occasions. At night, by sliding the partitions back, they redivide the space into private quarters for sleeping—compersively private, that is, since several members of the large families generally share the same rectangle, these seldom being rooms enough for each to have his own. To give their homes some illusion of space, the Japanese eschew them with no set furniture apart from one or two low tables. When chairs are needed, pillows and arm rests are taken from the closet and placed on the floor. The same thing with beds when it is time for retiring, the quilts are hauled from storage and rolled out. The art of the Japanese garden, similarly, is to give the appearance of space where none exists: a trickle of a stream meanders through dwarf cedars, and a wide, wide world is created on a plot that could barely accommodate a one-car garage. By exercising exceptional restraint and honoring the other members of the household, the Japanese long ago learned to make their homes comparative castles of peace and pleasure. However, it has always been a physically strapping life and a vigorous person feels it. He needs to get out and move. This is true for the kids—you can't dive from the raised arms of the sofa onto the cushions below when you don't have a sofa—and it is no less true for the adults.

In overpopulated Japan the family ricecooker has always been under terrific economic pressure. Today, for example, the average farmer rents his living from a piece of land about 2½ acres in area. The average white-collar man, engaged in keen competition for the rare chances at advancement, is both frustrated by and thankful for a monthly wage slightly over \$36. When the man of the house returns home, seeking relief from the crush and press of the day, there are some evenings when he needs a more active release than he can get by contemplating in solitude the tranquil beauties of his miniature garden. Over the past 30 years, he has found that release increasingly in sports. If he isn't able to afford to belong to a club which has its own facilities, well, he simply walks out into the street before his house—often the only open

space in town—and passes the baseball with his neighbors.

The Japanese male, traditionally and currently, has been under several other considerable strains. Because there was no gradual evolution from feudal times to modern times, he has been the heir of the *bûnkyô* cult of the hero man. He has been expected to embody the valor, endurance and other mile-high traits of the heroes of Japanese mythology and ancient history. In a tight corner he was supposed to match the impossible dedication of the samurai. It has been quite a load for him to carry. In his own mind he seldom makes the grade. Western sports and their code of sportsmanship provided him with the kind of outlet he needed: a life-sized environment in which he could get excited about something he could control to some degree. If he played them well, sports gave him strong individual satisfaction. He felt like somebody, for one of the few times in his life. If he didn't shine, he wasn't cozily disgraced. Furthermore, he was still in one piece, and frequently, if he was a devotee of one of the brutal, old-line native "sports," he wasn't. In *karate*, for instance, a combination of boxing with the open hand and kicking with the flying foot, the standard blow is known as the *assanai sotojin* or "three years murder": the victim may not perish on the spot but the internal damage he suffers will probably prove fatal within three years.

THIS simple fact that sports make a person feel better physically has been another important side of their popularity. The Japanese have historically valued good health with such intensity that they have been positively hypocritical in their efforts to avoid illness, and they remain so today. They rival us as purchasers of pills, powders and other pharmaceuticals. Viewing cleanliness as the handmaiden of health, they have for centuries placed tremendous value on the manifold virtues of bathing. Some Japanese take three baths a day, nearly everybody takes one four times a week, at home or at the public baths. They soak—rather, they parbath—in deep wooden tubs. The bather first squats on a small stool on the slightly slanted floor outside the tub and soaps the dirt off. Then he enters the tub where the clean and extremely hot water engulfs him to above his shoulders. He

stays there soaking and relaxing for about 30 minutes, sometimes longer. In Japanese inns at hot springs resorts, where a plentiful supply of hot water is available, the tub remains filled all day. Fresh hot water is fed in continually by a tap, the "old" surplus water softly overflowing the sides of the tub onto the tilted floor which channels it to the drain. All in all, in the art of the bath and the bathroom, the Japanese are at least the peer of Cecil B. de Mille, not to mention the Finns.

Western games also fitted in well with certain domestic diversions the Japanese were fond of. With no backyards at their disposal and such limited interior space, the Japanese had early developed a great taste for parlor games, little family entertainments built on the quickness of eye and the agility of fingers, the fan of variation and the knack of outguessing. This love of manual dexterity expressed itself also in the national fondness for playing with rubber balls. (A classic work of art by Harunobu, incidentally, depicts a *gasha* bouncing a ball. It is called *Bouncing Ball* and has recently been reproduced as a stamp, a most beautiful one—see page 58.) No doubt this old familiarity with throwing and catching balls accounted for the fervency with which the Japanese embraced baseball rather than, say, soccer. Certainly the fact that baseball was an American game contributed, too, for it was on the popular level that America exerted its biggest influence, an overwhelming inference.

And there was another reason, a significant one. As a people who had to find a way to live together harmoniously in huddled numbers, the Japanese placed their faith in the "ground rules" of social behavior. The articulated ground rules of Western sports in general made them attractive and made baseball especially so. Whereas soccer could easily degenerate into an unsentimental skirmish, baseball was neat, defined and decisive. Each pitch was either a ball or a strike. When a batter hit a fair ball, he was either out or he was safe. Additionally, the Japanese loved the variable tactics and strategies deriving from the ground rules, and they loved its dramatic moments when the tension built up and up and one man (bases full, two out, a full count) stood unflinchingly etched as a hero if he delivered in that unignorable clutch. The Japanese

Walter Mitty is a baseball dreamer.

For all these reasons, it takes very little fancy to imagine the elation of the Japanese when they first saw baseball and began to piece it out. It must have struck them as something almost too good to be true, and they must have been staggered by the thought that foreigners could have devised a game that so perfectly expressed their idea of what the ideal game should be. In any event, baseball is now deep in the Japanese blood. When you toss a ball to a European boy, for example, his instinctive reaction is likely to be to try to trap it with his feet. Whether he knows it or not, he has watched older people playing seeger. When you toss a ball to a Japanese child, he tries to catch

edelvies from elder down—man, he had it made. We have all copied, but, I suppose, no one has ever copied quite as liberally or as conscientiously or, for that matter, as well as the Japanese. There are thousands of amusing stories about their extremes of avidity, my favorites being the ones which Gene Sarazen tells about his golfing tour in Japan in 1908. Sarazen, as you may remember, had developed the sand wedge not long before this and his mastery of trap play was something to marvel at. The Japanese who turned out for his exhibitions didn't merely marvel and let it go at that. No, they carried umbrellas along, and as soon as Sarazen had played out of a trap, the gallery automatically formed a line;

tation to inordinate lengths, the élite that types them as a nation of mere copies is a burn rap. It overlooks the wonderful creativity of the native Japanese culture. It doesn't take into consideration the borrowings other countries have made from the Japanese—in the field of architecture, to name a notable example. It slides by the fact that all of Asia is at a stage where it borrows from the West and that, if we always focus on Japan in this respect, it is largely because the Japanese themselves frequently comment on this yen for imitation. Furthermore, it doesn't take into account that the Japanese do things with what they take, ingenious and inventive things. (Ask any photographer.) They are sensitive, and with reason, about the endless repetition of this charge of being mere copies; as proud of their country as we are of ours, they are hurt by the implied slur that there is nothing creative in themselves and their culture.

I didn't realize how easy it is to slip into this glib condemnation until one afternoon on my recent trip. A Japanese girl, who had returned not long before from the United States where she had gone to school, had been assigned to help me get my travel arrangements straightened out. As we were walking through the streets of downtown Tokyo, it occurred to me to ask her to point out any Japanese-made automobiles, for I couldn't distinguish them from the other small cars.

"That black one," she said an instant later, "that's a Toyota. It's very popular."

"Looks like an English Austin decked out with American styling," I ventured. I turned to see if she agreed. Her expression had changed and she looked troubled. I am not good at reading faces, but it seemed to me that she was trying not to show how let down she was by the insinuation of my remark. We walked on and the situation repaired itself quickly, but some time later when I was thinking it over, it struck me that we never give the Japanese credit for anything that at all resembles our products. Just what is a Japanese auto supposed to look like anyhow? A pagoda?

In recent years, though, things have been changing big and large. As we in America have begun to realize that we do not possess a monopoly of the world's talents and intelligence,

continued



ANCIENT KENDO, once bloody sword game fought (as shown) in traditional dress, was banned by United States Occupation Forces but still survives among the hardy few.

it. In my experience, this is the only place, except in the United States and the countries adjacent to us, where this occurs.

In their eagerness to learn, the Japanese copied the methods of the most proficient. This, of course, is what every young country from the beginning of time has done when it sets out to learn something new. At the turn of the century, for illustration, when we in America were first getting all steamed up about golf, we practically derided Scotland of its pros. If a guy was named Willie and spoke in a cultivated burr, we told him to start packing and come on over. Same thing in the '30s when the skiing bug bit us: any fellow named Hans or Sig who could distinguish

one by one each student entered the trap, set his feet in Sarazen's footprints and his umbrella point at the scar in the sand and sought to imitate the technique Gene had used. Sarazen's stay in Japan lasted three weeks. Before he left, not that anything else should have been expected, several sporting-goods houses had come out with exact copies of his wedge. (In the nature of a footnote, to underline how everything moves in cycles, it might be added that 30 years earlier, when he was a tyro and not a master, Gene had such a rough time getting a foothold in American golf—only Scots need apply—that he debated the wisdom of changing his name to MacSarazen.)

Granting that the Japanese have frequently carried their zeal for imi-



ROOTING ON BUMP these geisha girls step digest last distinctive Japanese flavor to otherwise American-style baseball as they lead stands in between-innings cheers.

The Bouncing Ball

by David Shields

we have acquired a new appreciation for the peoples of the Far East and we have certainly "rediscovered" Japan. Puzzled by the way life for us has become less meaningful and more weary, we look across the waters and see the Japanese riding tougher bumps than ours with at least as much and probably more equanimity. The current vogue for Zen philosophy among American artists and writers is one of the more careful manifestations of this window to the East. A Japanese offshoot of Buddhism, Zen concerns itself with the individual's getting to know and feel his elusive true nature and releasing it in his activity. Incidentally, a slim book, *Zen in the Art of Archery*, was the spark that lit the fire in this country.

In a word, we now think the Japanese have something. And they do. Spelling it out is not easy, but for a starter it might be remarked (as everyone does sooner or later: that a large share of the credit for what is right with Japan belongs to the Japanese women. They are as gifted as any in the world at that difficult job of being essentially women. A far cry from the romantic stereotype that portrays them as little pitter-patterers with parasols self-effacingly nuzzling across the arched magenta bridge,

they have always had a remarkable fiber, filling the home and the family and themselves with sound emotion even when the bewildered male was running off in three directions at one time. The war and the occupation were the best things that ever happened to the Japanese female. It gave her more status, far more room to move in. Instead of changing, she just blossomed out. (This is one of the best things that ever happened to the Japanese male.) The fact that a flock of the modern Japanese girls have something of the looks and style of the Audrey Hepburn-Leslie Caros school is not exactly beside the point.

What is the Japanese woman's special gift? It would appear to be an unconfused understanding of where her true pleasures as a woman really lie, along with a remarkable understanding of what brings a man authentic self-respect and enjoyment. "They're on a different frequency entirely from our women and the Europeans," one correspondent at the Canada Cup matches commented. "I haven't as much as laid a finger on a woman here and yet I've never felt as manly in my life. It isn't that they cater to you. They don't. But they don't think they're lowering themselves when they do things for you and enjoy it. So what do you do? You find yourself responding as if you were a tognotch guy and, by George, you feel you are. You know," he added

with a bitter-sweet smile, "when I get home I've a good mind to write out a list for my wife of the changes I want made and paste that list on the wall. I can see her ripping it down now and admonishing me, 'Now, just because you've had a trip to the Orient, don't think that you . . . and so on.'"

In this last decade Japanese women have entered the sports world in numbers for the first time—even the geisha. She has had to. As you undoubtedly know, the geisha is primarily an actress or entertainer or, if you will pardon the horrible but apt expression, a fun girl. Her traditional skill has been her facility in relieving the tired businessman of his worries, which she does by the supereminence of her manner, her ability to talk merrily about the nonbusiness side of life, and her decorative songs, dances and attentiveness. When golf erupted into a national passion after the war, she had a problem: her clients frequently wanted to talk about their golf, and they needed a thoroughly qualified listener. There was no other way out for the first-class geisha than to take up the game herself. Many of them, accordingly, joined golf clubs and met the game face to face. As a result, it is no trouble at all for them during office hours to proffer the most professional listening this side of Sandwich. "I can picture it well, Mr. Okamura," she says with just the right blend of sympathy and awe. "There you were, out in 53, due to the poor shape of the greens. You were 3 down at the turn to Mr. Watanabe. With nine holes to go, you indeed had your work cut out for you. But you were not downhearted, were you? As you whipped your driver out of your bag and strode to the 10th tee, I can well imagine you said to yourself, 'I can win this match and I can win the Tessa press bet and the Yamasaichi press bet, too. Just keep the old head down and aspirate and let the rest take care of itself.' And, you know what, Mr. Okamura? I'll bet you won!"

NEXT WEEK

The Mulberry Bush

In Part II of this report Mr. Wind describes Japan's first adventures in the world of international sport and the fascinating ramifications of the present sports boom as it relates to the country's remarkable recovery from the war.

Knowledgeable people buy Imperial

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Whiskey by Hiram Walker

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Photo by My Photo from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED April 11, 1957

...feeling older and hitting better than ever...

"They have said he is getting old, and he has conceded that perhaps they are right . . . They have said he is not a team player, that the Red Sox would do better without him . . . But the records show that the Red Sox have floundered without him. And finally they have said that he is not really as good as his .348 lifetime average, that he fails in the clutch. But the American League pitchers will disagree. This year he was feeling older and hitting better than ever. Boston fans hope that next year Ted Williams will be even older."

Walter Winchell: "Old Ted," in
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, August 1, 1957

Just as surely as it lives in the effortless power of a champion's swing, sport lives here, in this magazine. Brought to life by writers and photographers with a special kind of love for sport—now enjoyed every week by 800,000 families with a special kind of positive, vital, vocal enthusiasm for sport. In advertising and circulation, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is the fastest-growing quality magazine in America.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

19TH HOLE The Readers Take Over



AND LO,
THE HOT
STOVE

BURNS ONCE MORE

TRADES

Sir:

Last winter I enjoyed reading from week to week the trades proposed by these self-appointed general managers to strengthen their favorite teams. So, before spring training begins, I would like to get into the act by proposing my own trades to get the Washington Senators out of the cellar.

First I would trade Chuck Stobbs, Bob Usher and Eddie Fike-Gould to Cleveland for Dick Williams and Chico Carrasquel. Then I would send Eddie Yost and Ray Seavers to the Yankees for Don Larsen, Al Cloetta, Merv Thoresberry, Harry Simpson, Joe Colburn, Jerry Lumpe and Rocky Richarson. For a final touch Jim Lemon, Clint Courtney, Rocky Bridges and Milt Bolling to the Dodgers for Don Newcombe.

The lineup thus would be:

- 1. Carrasquel ss
- 2. Richarson 2b
- 3. Simpson rf
- 4. M. Thoresberry cf
- 5. D. Williams 1b
- 6. Lumpe 3b
- 7. Seavers c
- 8. Collins lf

Pitchers: Newcombe, Ramon, Panznar, Larsen, Kemszner, Cloetta, Rydell.

W. J. LAWRENCE

Bellerose, N.Y.

A DUNCE'S CAP FOR BIRNAC

Sir:

Birnac, the Army's giant computer (E&D, March 18, '52), predicted some 1957 individual baseball averages which, showing all due respect for this mechanical brain, were completely off the beam. The Birnac estimate as compared with the official 1957 final averages were as follows:

	BIRNAC EST.	OFFICIAL
MANTLE	242	255
ASHBURN	258	297
WILLIAMS	262	308
KUBSHE	219	277
MUSKOG	217	310
FUSILLIO	214	306

Apparently, Birnac is a flip as a baseball forecaster and should be ejected from

the Hot Stove League until a visible improvement is made.

JEREMY S. BONES

Brooklyn

A YANKEE HAMFESTO

Sir:

I am a true, disband Yankee fan and therefore know that unless you are unanimously lucky the Yankees are invincible.

To beat the Yankees you must break records, play way over your heads, wound Mickey Mantle and catch all bad bugs in your hip pocket.

Let's examine the record. Steve Stengel waddled into Yankee Stadium in 1949, the Yankees have not won two never use the word, ugh, lost only one American League pennant. That year, 1954, they won 103 games, the all-time record number of wins for a second-place team. It was the highest win total in Stengel's regime—the only time, in fact, a Stengel team had gone over the century mark.

Cassey's Yankees didn't win because Cleveland, with dirty, sneaky rats like Bobby Avila (.285 lifetime hitter who led league with 243) playing over their heads, set a league record with 111 wins.

For Brooklyn to win in 1956, Johnny Pedron, a radical young left-hander who last year had had a losing record (9-10), a bad earned-run average (3.95) and had completed only five games, had to suddenly develop and allowed the Yankees only two earned runs in 18 innings while winning two crucial games. Sandy Amoson, only a fair feller as a good day, had to make a once-in-a-lifetime catch on Yogi Berra in left field to break up a rally which eventually led to the Yank's net winning.

It was an especially disgusting exhibition of Yankee exploitation by the Braves last year. Wes Covington, degraded all year because of his delinquent showboating, turned out to be the fielding star of the Series, winning two games for Lew Burdette with ridiculous synergism (or lucky) catches. I wouldn't have minded Covington winning three with his hitting. That would have been legitimate, because he's a good hitter (by Milwaukee standards). But felling?

And Eddie Mathews, who before this Series was always a favorite of mine, never known for his felling, comes up with several greas, the best of which cuts off a typical sixth-inning Yank rally in the final game. Lew Burdette, with Robert Covington, wins three games in one week for probably the first time in his life.

I could go on and on, but why give these poor Milwaukee fans guilt complexes on top of their deplorable poor taste. They'll probably retire in line by saying that their boys didn't play over their heads but true to the occasion. We true Yankees fans know this to be a fallacy. Only the Yankees hold the franchise as sacrosanct.

San Francisco

LET ROY FACINT

THE BIG PAYOFF

Sir:

I am quaffing for your consideration The Manager's latest comment upon The Player: "Mantle needs felding practice. Some balls are going straight over his head and he oughta catch 'em. He goes sideways backward. . . ." It would seem that this god often flounders around the outfield on feet of clay.

It's pleasant to reminisce during the Hot Stove League season about how all the king's ruffians and all the king's men couldn't win that big payoff seventh game of the last World Series. There was O'Casey, the brilliant strategist, with the best team money can buy—and don't try to sweet-talk me out of that fact—and there were those ignorant leuts from the Midwest—and—ah, well, that's the way the colly crumbles.

HUD LAMPKIN

Kilmardin, Ont.

THE GOATS

Sir:

This is the proper time to suggest something that has disturbed me since your 6th Baseball X-Ray.

Two outstanding additional "Hero and Goats" classifications are errors (fiddling) and strikeouts (baiting). These would be listed as you list "Home-Run Hitters," i.e., x strikeouts per x at bats and x errors per x chances.

PHILIP E. POHAY

Elmhurst, N.Y.

SHARE THE WEALTH PLAN

Sir:

I have been studying the major league expansion problem, and I believe there to be the four major difficulties: more cities want major league baseball; an insufficient number of high-caliber players to form three major leagues; the high cost of weekly transcontinental travel; a saturation of baseball in one city for two or three solid weeks, and then a drought of baseball for about the same period (such as San Francisco and Los Angeles will have).

I have this proposal to offer. Let two cities—as centers and a western city—share one existing ball club. In this way they could play a two- or three-game series with other western representative cities in the West, then fly east and repeat the setup.

My proposed league is as follows:
San Francisco-Minneapolis, Giants
Los Angeles-Brooklyn, Dodgers
Denver-Pittsburgh, Pirates
Houston-St. Louis, Cards
Seattle-Philadelphia, Redlegs
Vancouver, B.C.-Chicago, Cubs
Dallas-Philadelphia, Phillies
Portland-Milwaukee, Braves.

ROBERT HERRICKSON

Seattle

continued

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MARCH 3

Color tour of Spring Training

MARCH 10

Redlegs of the Crossroads

MARCH 17

The Art of Pitching -- by Sal Maglie (first of a series by five of the game's great stars)

MARCH 24

Special Supplement: Baseball in California

MARCH 31

Detroit's New Look Tigers

APRIL 7

Rebels of 1858

APRIL 14

Annual All-Baseball Issue (covering reports, schedules, prospects)

19TH HOLE continued

KUGOS: BOATING

Size:

On January 25, with my crew from the burning Celero, I was pulled out of the ocean by Jim Currey's yacht *Escapee* (SI, Feb. 5, 18). It was a surprise to find Kara Bowen of your magazine on board, and naturally the accident that might be printed was a source of some concern to me. Now I am writing to express the highest kind of approval for the results; they were, I think, exceptionally accurate and well done. Without overstating the drama which is part of such a situation, he told the story completely and clearly. Anything that can be said to comfort him, and the magazine he represents, I would like to be said.

Lessons learned from this disaster are limited by the fact that the cause of the fire can never be known. Three things can be illustrated very well, however: fire-extinguisher systems should have mechanical release as well as electric controls; life jackets should always be on deck (the crew were) and lowered in more than one position (as ours were not); and, most important but most difficult to arrange, have another boat nearby at the time. *Escapee*, for those, like me, and especially her skipper, made all the difference for us from complete gloom to the excellent therapy of letting us be so busy racing with them that we had little time to feel sorry for ourselves.

J. H. HEDGECOCK

San Francisco

KUGOS: SQUASH

Size:

Let me compliment *Sports Illustrated* as *Sports at Its Best* (Feb. 19). It does justice to the current American phenomenon of a sport that has the rare merit of being not only vigorous and enjoyable, but also compatible with the workday demands on the time of students, business and professional people.

We at Pennsylvania were especially delighted to see pictured the unique squash building for which our alumni and friends are hastening to complete the financing before its dedication in June. Thank you!

GAYLORD F. HARNWELL

President

University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia

KUGOS: BASKETBALL

Size:

This is just a note to congratulate you on your recent article on the University of Kansas and Kansas State basketball game at Lawrence (SI, Feb. 10).

I understood that Jeremiah Tice was at Manhattan and Lawrence for about a week, and his article was just about the best that I have ever read on a sporting event and a comparison of two systems.

W. W. FULLER

Kansas City, Mo.

DUCKS: TOO MUCH TOO SOON

Size:

My charter membership in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* notwithstanding, I thought Ed Zera's article, *50 Dollars—Minute Ducks* (SI, Feb. 10), extremely discouraging to American smooth-bore skaters who

from November to January risk family finances and life to pursue the wild duck from dawn till dusk in an attempt to knock down a daily bag limit of four (4), hoping all the while that we may be able to report a banded duck to the Wildlife Commission so that next season we may be somewhat assured of another four birds.

If the situation is such that limits on ducks can't be controlled, let's at least see a limit on Mexican market guns, whose daily bag I'm certain U.S. gunners would be pleased to ignore.

ROBERT W. DANIELS

Chester, N.J.

EMAIL: SENIOR ANCHERY

Size:

No, golf isn't the only sport offering healthy and moderate exercise for elderly men (Horseshoe, Jan. 27). Take the fast-growing sport of field archery, for example. Field archery is practice for big-game bow hunting, which is itself a vast sport: last October, 55,584 Pennsylvanians bought special licenses for week-long deer season. It provides wonderful exercise and, at the same time, demands a high degree of skill.

WILLIAM STUMP

Riderwood, Md.

A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY

Size:

I enjoyed your report on the French TV quiz program in which scholars and athletes participate as partners (E&D, Feb. 10).

But I am one of the millions "who had to be told" that Marshal Soult commanded Napoleon's right wing at Austerlitz, for he did nothing of the kind. On the contrary, the decisive attack against the allied position was delivered by the corps of Soult and Bernadotte from the French center. Now that your scholars rallied, your staff rally team must break 45 seconds for the 400 meters.

GORDON RIVEROX

Los Angeles

● The defeat Napoleon handed the allied armies of Austria and Russia on December 2, 1805, one of the most masterly examples of military tactics, is called by historians of military art a planned defensive-offensive maneuver. Mr. Rieger is correct in saying the decisive French attack (led by Marshals Soult, Davout, Bernadotte and Murat) came from north of center. However, on the eve of battle Marshal Soult commanded the wing south (or to the right) of Napoleon's headquarters. The following afternoon he joined forces with Davout, bottling up the main allied forces in the south while Bernadotte moved up to attack from the rear behind Lannes. The three corps then moved with Napoleon from their own center, attacking the allied line. Team up: when the battle lines were drawn Marshal Soult was in command of a right wing; we'll leave our track shoes hanging on the wall a while longer, and rise in *hâte*! —ED.

* IN SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED
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SOLO: TOO SIMPLE TO BE TRUE

Solo:

This past season at one stretch I broke 80 on a par-74 course 11 out of 14 times. Thanks to Ernest Jones (*Pro Swing*) as F/A Axxess, 51, Jan. 27!! The first 12 years I couldn't break 100 consistently.

Ernest Jones added an average of 25 yards to my tee shots and his teaching may easily be the one fact that brought my 1951 average of \$6.82 down to my 1957 average of \$1.15.

Once when I felt the "true swing" all the way I hit the longest drive of my life—326 yards, 276 of them on the fly. Two days later I played I was lucky to hit 175 yards, including the roll.

This wonderful little man inspired me with personally written letters because he knew that I wanted to learn a true swing. It was much easier than I could ever believe. I felt like many others—it was too simple to be true. But now when I hear somebody call me "long hitter" I thank my lucky stars that I trusted Ernie Jones and learned what he teaches—to swing the clubhead.

ED LUCAS

Pittstown, Pa.

MASTERY AND MYSTIQUE OF SOARING

Solo:

In your roundup of world sports (*The Stars of World Sport* in 1978, 51, Feb. 3), soaring was omitted. Soaring is most highly organized in Europe, where activity is quite high. Over 30,000 hours were flown in Poland alone last year. However, the U.S. is well represented in international soaring. Dr. Paul MacCreedy Jr. is present world champion, and many world records are held by the U.S., such as the altitude record of 44,000 feet and the distance record of 335 miles, speed around a triangular course, and many more. Since the war the U.S. has regularly sent a team to the international competitions, financed privately through the Soaring Society of America, our national organization. This year the internationals will be held in Leszno, Poland, with the Rambois competing for the first time. The last internationals had teams from 27 countries throughout the entire world.

Soaring as a sport requires much of the airplane pilot. He must have a knowledge of his craft and of the air mass, he must master the art of accurate maneuvering of his craft, he must exercise good judgment in his operation, he must have endurance and stamina to maintain his performance over flights which may last six hours or more, and he must be part of a team to be successful in competition. Soaring is much like sailing but it is a greater challenge to master this complicated and variable element. This is the objective of any sport, whether it be putting a ball through the hoop or racing a sleep across the ocean.

ERWIN H. MOORE

Boston

Solo:

But, please, why did you not list curling? I am sure far more Americans (we live in America, we live too!) participate in curling than do in some of the sports you listed, e.g., bobbedding, weight lifting, table tennis.

ADRIAN HUNTS

Saskatoon, Sask.

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PAT ON THE BACK



Lucia Arnold

Miner Cliett

With an eye as accurate as a plumb line and a hand as steady as a rock, 14-year-old Miner Cliett is acquiring an almost incredible record in skeet meets around the country. Last month in the Royal Palm Open Skeet championships at Palm Beach he took the over-all title, the 12-gauge and the small- and sub-small-bore titles, shooting against all age groups. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cliett of

Childersburg, Ala., Miner has probably shot more shells than most hunters fire in a lifetime. He started shooting at 4, when his father, who runs a hardware store, gave him an air rifle. At 11 he shot his first skeet—and three months later won the national 20-gauge junior championship. In 1954 he took the title for the second time and the junior national titles in sub-small-bore and sub-12-gauge.

Last July he set an American record by winning every major title in the Mid-South Open Skeet Shoot, junior class. Miner, an eighth grader at Childersburg with a B-plus average, also likes to fish and play piano, saxophone and clarinet. But all efforts in the near future will be directed at clay birds. Next month he competes in San Juan, Puerto Rico. In May he'll be at the Blue Grass Open in Louisville, and his schedule also calls for meets in Houston and Dallas, Jackson, Miss. and Jacksonville, Fla.



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